

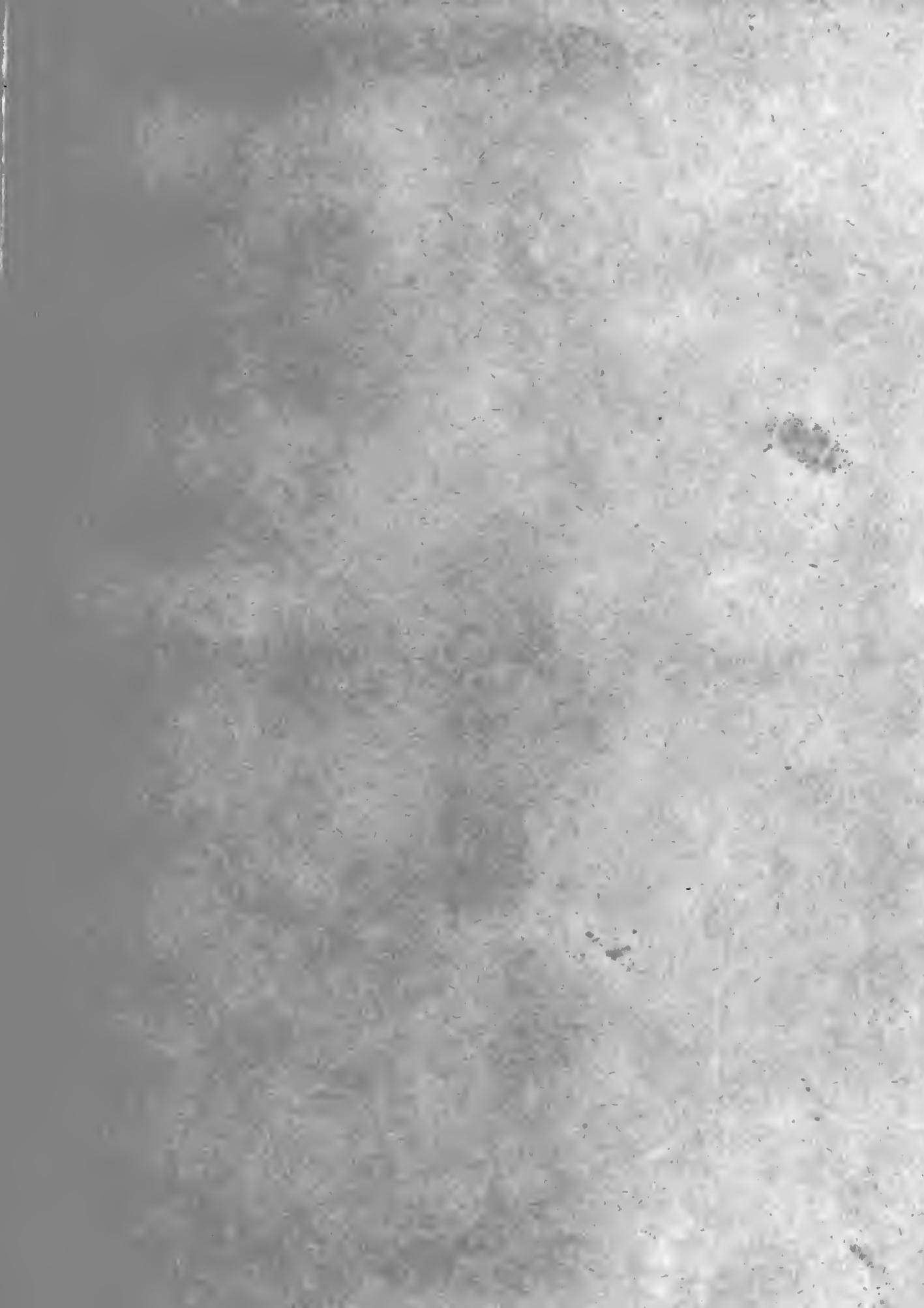
—The  
Caribbean  
— 1923 —



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# THE CARIBBEAN

VOL. VI.

CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE, 1923.

No. 1.

PUBLISHED BY THE CRISTOBAL HIGH SCHOOL



Porte Cochère, Hotel Washington—Entrance.



Porte Cochère, Washington Hotel—Exit.

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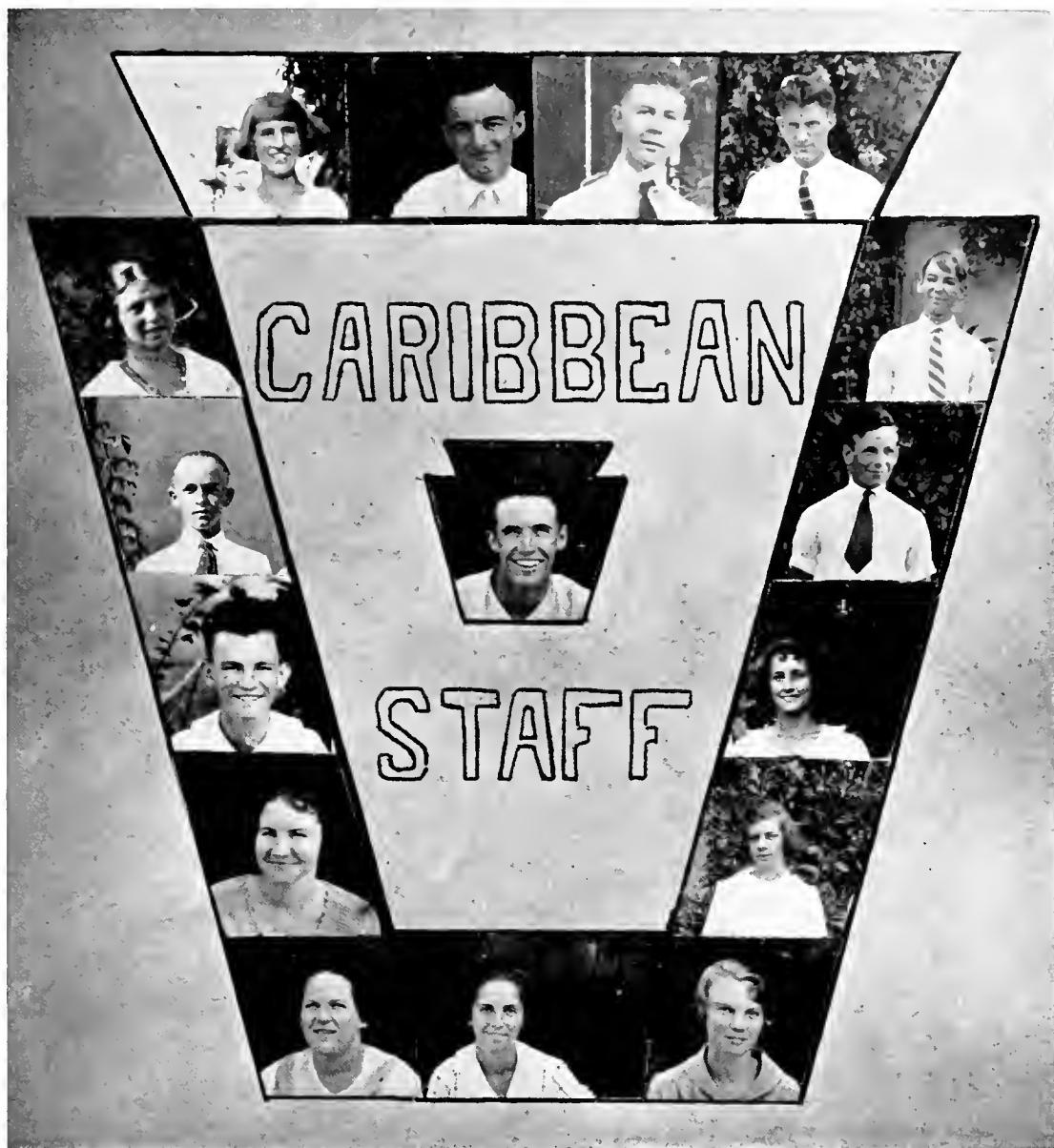
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Sunset on the Caribbean—A View Taken from the Foreground of the Home of THE CARIBBEAN.

The noises of the day have died; high, shrill,  
Excited voices of the children, cries  
Of parakeets, and hum of planes are still.  
The shadowed sea in somber sleep now lies  
Which late did fret, and fume, and foam, and fill  
The air with sounds monotonous. Low sighs  
The rustling palm, and, from the distant hill,  
The echoes of the sunset gun now rise.  
The sun, low sinking in yon western sky,  
Looks forth from clouds all touched and tinged with gold,—  
His path, a carpet shimmering o'er the bay,  
To meet the weary weathered rocks which lie—  
Historians silent—waiting as of old  
For sun, and wind, and wave of each new day.

SENIOR ENGLISH CLASS, '22-'23



Top, left to right.—Louise Henter, Literary Editor; Ernst Euphrat, Business Manager; Gerald Bliss, Advertising Manager; Editor-in-Chief, resigned; Henry Moore, Art Editor. Left side, reading down.—Florence Albert, Exchange Editor; James Burzoon, Assistant Business Manager; Warner Bowers, ex-Assistant Business Manager; Emogene Nash, Alumni Editor. Right side, reading down.—Guy Stewart, Circulation Manager; Chester Pike, Boys' Athletic Editor; Charlotte Housel, Girls' Athletic Editor; Elith Coulbourn, Assistant Circulation Manager. Bottom, left to right. Mattie Pullig, Joke Editor; Gladys Lowande, Assistant Editor-in-Chief; Frances Gray, School Notes Editor. Center.—Edward May, Editor-in-chief.

### DEDICATION.

**W**E, THE STUDENTS OF CRISTOBAL HIGH SCHOOL, GRATEFULLY DEDICATE THIS, THE SIXTH VOLUME OF THE CARIBBEAN, TO THE STAFF OF THE PANAMA CANAL PRESS—WHOSE MEMBERS, PAST AND PRESENT, HAVE EVER MADE OUR INTERESTS THEIRS, AND THEIR TIME AND ENERGY OURS IN THE PRODUCTION OF THE BOOK.



"Our Eddie."

It was Alexander Dumas in his "The Count of Monte Cristo," who gave importance to the Chateau d'If, which is situated on a barren rocky island about two miles west of Marseilles and was at that time used as a state prison by the French government. As the story goes, Edmond Dantés, a young man of about nineteen years, was unjustly imprisoned there and forced to spend many years of his life in a dark, dismal, dirty, and dank dungeon. One evening as Dantés lay on his cot in a semi-conscious condition—for he had been trying to starve himself to death—he heard a distant tapping against stone. Could it be the workmen thereabout or a prisoner trying to make an escape? Dantés was infused with new hope; strength came to him; he got up and went to the quarter whence the sound had come. Knowing that if it were a prisoner he would stop, but if it were a workman he would continue, Dantés tapped three times—and the noise ceased. Then, with timorous patience he waited for seventy-two days until the tapping again started. At once he resolved to gain something that he had coveted for years—companionship. After breaking the water jug in his cell he hid some of the larger pieces and began immediately with one of them to dig through the wall, whence the sound came. He labored incessantly with every element of determination for weeks and weeks, taking out perhaps a handful of rock and plaster each day. Finally, he reached the tunnel that the other man had made and, on meeting the prisoner, found him to be L' Abbé Faria, a priest who had been confined there a few years prior to Dantés' sentence. The Abbé was subject to catalepsy and knew that it was impossible for him to escape, but he bade Dantés go on with his plan of escape. The Abbé was so kind to him and taught him so much of

the arts, that Dantés refused to leave him while he lived. During the fourteenth year of Dantés' imprisonment, the Abbé had his third attack of catalepsy, which was fatal to him, although Dantés made a great effort to save his life. Dantés then saw his opportunity for escape and taking advantage of it, he substituted his body for that of the Abbé, which had been wrapped for burial, and was thrown in the sea, the cemetery of the Chateau d'If. After extricating himself, he swam to the distant Isle of Tibouleu, where he was later picked up by a sailing ship.

Thus, through patience, incessant toil, and determination, and by taking advantage of an opportunity, he was able to free himself from the bonds of the Chateau d'If.

Each one of us has a life to live. Are you going to live yours in a chateau of IF or are you going to dig to gain your liberty now? Are you going to let the barriers of life's IF's retard your progress or are you going to surmount them, as did Dantés, with patience, incessant labor, and determination.

"*If I could have one more chance, how differently I would do,—;*" "*if only I were as clever as he,—;*" "*if I had only known before,—;*" "*if I could have the opportunities he has had,—;*" "*if only I were as lucky as she is,—;*" "*if I had his wealth,—;*" "*if I had his perseverance,—;*" "*if my parents and teachers took more interest,—.*" We have heard these remarks time and time again. We often make them ourselves. Every person who utters such a subjunctive clause is a prisoner in the chateau of IF. It is for us to make our own opportunities and welcome them when they appear, or we shall dwell always in the chateau of IF.

Henley in his "Invictus" says:

"I am the captain of my soul,  
I am the master of my fate."

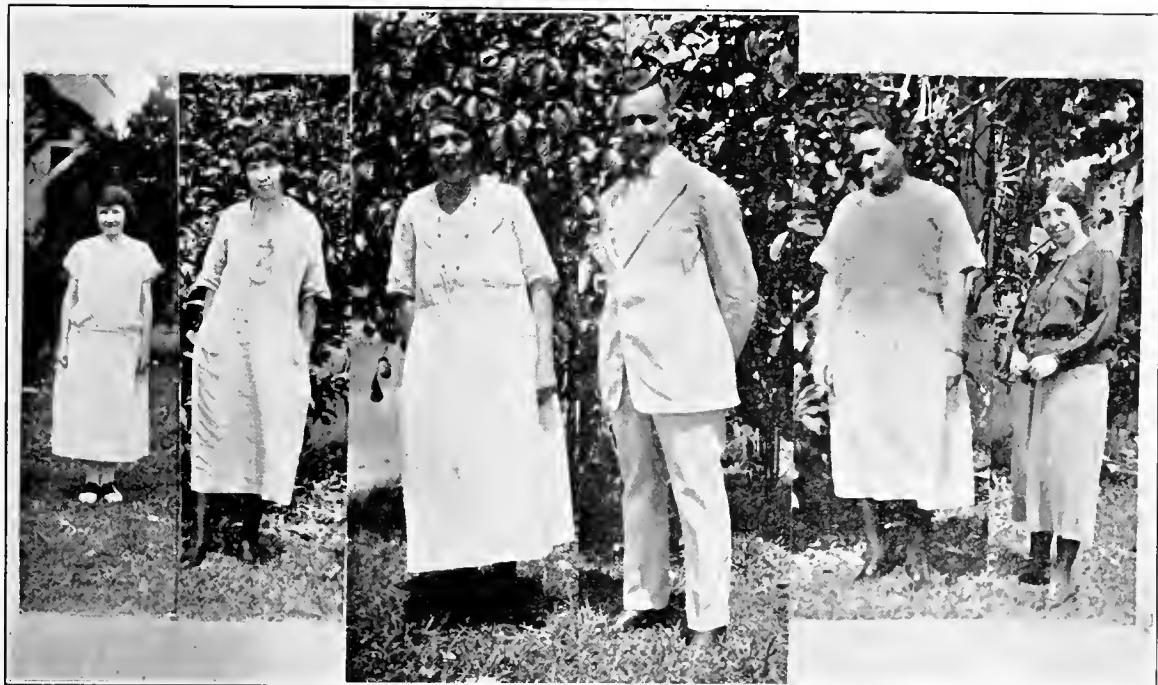
Are you the master of what you undertake or are you imprisoned by the trivial, yet significant IF? When you are given a task to perform, do you say, "Yes I shall, if——"? IF—that is your prison wall. This very task that you are asked to perform may be your big opportunity in life; if you hesitate, all may be lost. Your answer should be, "I must; therefore I can."

When we encounter a person, who has risen higher than the average, we say without thought,

"That person surely has been lucky." But we forget that "ninety-eight per cent of genius is hard work." That person has merely gained his liberty from the chateau of IF. He has chiseled away at his chateau of IF until only the dominant "I" remains.

"Not in the clamour of the crowded street,  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat."

## The Faculty.



Miss Hornbeak.

Miss Bakewell.

Miss Barnhouse.

Mr. Bacon.

Miss Beeching.

Miss Dodds.

## THE CARIBBEAN.

MR. W. W. ANDREW,  
Providence, Rhode Island.  
*Superintendent of Schools.*



MISS J. ISABELLA DODDS,  
Claremont, Minnesota.  
Macalester College.

*English, Latin, Social Problems and Economics.*

*Caribbean Staff Adviser.*

*Senior Class Adviser.*

MR. FRANK T. WILSON,  
Seattle, Washington.  
University of Washington.  
*Assistant to Superintendent of Schools.*

Who came to us from Minnesota  
And often tells of "Brother Ole"?  
Who's travelled far and wide of late  
And tales of travel does relate?

Who teaches English, coaches plays,  
And has so much to claim her days?  
Who talks of Caesar's wars in Gaul,  
As well as if she'd seen them all?

Who is it always lends a hand  
And never fails to understand?  
Who's loved by everyone in school,  
With no exceptions to the rule?

MISS DODDS.

Who is it changes rapidly  
When students answer vapidly,  
From smiling countenance to frown  
And gives a proper calling down?

Who is it always can partake  
In parties, and can surely make  
Such pies and cakes and candy  
As everyone pronounces dandy?

Who is it "honestly thinks that West  
As a real authority is the best,"  
Who has for outlines an appetite,  
But has a bark far worse than her bite?

MISS BAKEWELL.



MISS HATTIE LEE HORNBEAK,  
Waxahachie, Texas.  
Trinity University,  
Columbia University.

*English, American History and Civics.*

*Sophomore Class Adviser.*



MISS ADELA F. BAKEWELL,  
Lansing, Iowa.  
Iowa State College,  
University of California.

*Home Economics, Ancient History.*  
*Junior Class Adviser.*

Who is it hides behind the books  
Upon her desk, but o'er them looks  
Through spectacles dark-rimmed and round  
Just when she seems behind them drowned?

Who is it always bangs the bell,  
And tales of Texas loves to tell?  
Who's anxious always for the mail?  
Who dreads upon the sea to sail?

Who has a memory wonderful  
Which makes us feel quite "blunderful"!  
Who talks of Shakespeare, Poe, or More  
As if she'd lived to them next door?

MISS HORNBEAK.

Who is it is a "native daughter"  
But came to us from o'er the water  
From Bogota, where she did teach  
And also probably did preach?

Who sings the praises of her brother  
More frequently than any other;  
From Guatemala scarfs did bring  
In colors fit to deck a king?

Who is it snaps her fingers hard,  
But hates to decorate a card  
With lurid F's? Who sympathizes  
Even when she criticizes?

MISS BARNHOUSE.



MISS MABEL JEAN BARNHOUSE,  
Watsonville, California.  
Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

*Spanish.*

*Freshman Class Adviser.*



MR. HENRY G. BACON,  
Mauricetown, New Jersey.  
Columbia University.

*Manual Training, Mechanical Drawing, General Science.*

Who is it always stands on guard  
And looks so firm, and cold, and hard,  
Or paces grimly up the aisles—  
And yet finds time for jokes and smiles?

Who always looks the best in clothes  
Such as he wears when'er he goes  
Upon a hike, with pack on back  
To hold his needments and a snack?

Who is it makes the "bestest" fudge  
And gives us lots of chance to judge?  
Who teaches our boys to draw,  
And keeps the Science class in awe?

MR. BACON.

Who is it sits in a student's seat  
When in assembly she has her beat,  
And pounces thence in seeming rage,  
On him who looks up from his page?

Who is it ejaculates, "Oh rats!"  
And has an antipathy for hats,  
And says, "You Seniors needn't think—" "  
And because they don't, slings on red ink?

Who likes to bat the tennis ball?  
Who in her classwork knows it all?  
Who hikes the country up and down,  
And scorns the restaurants of town?

MISS BEECHING.



MISS MABEL BEECHING,  
Hutchinson, Kansas.  
Kansas State Normal School.

*Geometry, Physics, Algebra.*

## MY FATHER.

*Frances Gray, '25.*

A cry is heard upon the castle wall,  
 A sound of cannon from the turret high,  
 A rush of feet upon the steep stone stair,  
 A clank of muskets on the courtyard flags,  
 The winding of the warning horn afar,  
 The rumble of the drawbridge as it drops,  
 The creaking of the gates as they swing wide,  
 The loud triumphant shout that welcomes home  
 The lord, the king, the idol of this band.  
 I fling aside my tapestry and run  
 With feet that scarcely seem to touch the marble floor,  
 So eager that my lips shall be the first  
 To give glad greeting to my dearest lord.  
 His breeches caught with silver at the knee,  
 A scarlet sash encircling his hips,  
 The collar of his linen shirt turned back  
 To bare his mighty chest and strong brown throat,  
 The heavy rings a-dangle from his ears,  
 His coal black hair a-flying in the breeze,  
 I see him stand, surrounded by his men,  
 One hand upon the hilt of his great sword,  
 The other raised in greeting unto all.  
 He catches sight of me behind the men,  
 And, with a shout that echoes through the court,  
 He thrusts aside the crowd that intervenes,  
 And stands and faces me with arms outstretched;  
 A breathless moment as I hesitate,  
 And then I rush into those sheltering arms.  
 I feel the quickened beating of his heart,  
 The touch of lips against my burning cheek,  
 The rough caressing of his calloused hands  
 As he ruffles up my short black curls.  
 He puts me down before him, and he stands  
 With hands on hips and gazes down on me;  
 I hardly reach the buckle on his sash

And feel so tiny 'midst those great strong men;  
 I timidly shrink nearer, and he laughs  
 And lifts me to his shoulder, where I sit  
 And cling with one small arm about his neck.  
 I see all piled up high within the gates  
 Huge oaken chests with bands of copper bound,  
 And bales, and casks, and vats, and tubs, and sacks,  
 Fair bulging with their contents rich and rare.  
 I catch the words of cannon, battle, death,  
 A deep voice tells of storms upon the sea,  
 Another speaks of raids, of close escapes,  
 Of silent marches through the tropic night,  
 Of bullion buried in a far-off cave,  
 Of unmarked graves, of faces that are gone;  
 And I wonder as I hear these words,  
 For I know naught of storms, or death, or graves.  
 My father holds me tight and passes on  
 Beneath the mighty arch into the hall,  
 Where wooden tables groan beneath their load  
 Of bread, and meat and wine—enough for all.  
 I gaze with wonder on the motley throng,  
 Gone are faces that I once did know,  
 And new names now re-echo through the hall.  
 Now here, now there, I catch a sight of some  
 Familiar face, the sound of some known voice,  
 But still the band is changed. I look in vain  
 For some who once did feast within this hall,  
 And then bethink myself of "storms at sea"  
 Of "death" of "unmarked graves." I understand.  
 The lights grow dim before my sleepy eyes.  
 The shouting and the singing die away.  
 I hear a faint voice in the distance cry  
 "Morgan! The Pirate! The Raider! Our King!"  
 I sleep.



An Answer to the Question:

## “WHAT IS THE FUNCTION OF EDUCATION?”

(As Given by Three Cristobal High School Girls.)

**T**HE character of men, like the substance of stones, varies and, like the stone, the character of men must be chiseled, and molded, and shaped for its position in the tower of society. Education, like the tools that shape the rock, shapes the character of men. Education means knowledge. Knowledge of what? Of geography? Of science? Of English? Of Latin? Yes! It means all of these, and more. It means the knowledge of right and wrong. It means the knowledge of the consequences of right and wrong. It means the realization of the individual responsibility of every man. It means the strength to uphold this responsibility. All the e things are the tools that shape man's character. All these things are Education. A chain is as strong as its weakest link. Is not a tower as strong as its weakest block? It is the purpose of Education to make the weakest block the strongest, and this purpose must travel in an everlasting cycle, increasing, day by day, the strength and the beauty of the tower of society.

—Frances Gray, '25.

**E**DUCATION—Ah! not merely the enabling an individual to learn material things—facts, but teaching him the way to help other people learn things; showing him his place in the business of life; teaching him to brighten his corner, as well as broaden it. Education is not measured by selfish knowledge but by the knowledge and happiness that are expounded to one's associates. —Mattison Pullig, '23.

**A**LL youth feels the intangible, strange urge of ambition, experiences nameless longings, and dreams vague shadowy dreams for the betterment of existing conditions. The farm boy at his plow in the fields, the busy factory boy, the grocery clerk weighing small, exact amounts of beans and potatoes, the shepherd boy tending his master's sheep, and all the other boys and girls in various conditions of life and in all countries, dream. It is the part of Education to make these vague dreams become realities, to furnish inspiration and tools for achievement, to lead, guide, and direct the mind in the development of individual ideals, to take Youth out of the rut of his own commonplace existence to a vision of wider spaces.

Louise Henter, '23.

## THE CARIBBEAN.



## ERNST W. EUPHRAT.

'19-'20 East Night School, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 '21-'22 High School Chorus.  
 Boys' Glee Club.  
 "The Zone Police."  
 '22-'23 Class Treasurer.  
 Business Manager, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 High School Chorus.  
 Class Basketball.  
 "The Trysting Place."  
 "Grumpy."

## HENRY J. MOORE.

'19-'21 Curtis High School, Staten Island, N. Y.  
 '21-'22 Exchange Editor, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 High School Chorus.  
 Boys' Glee Club.  
 Basketball.  
 Baseball.  
 "The Zone Police."  
 '22-'23 Art Editor, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 High School Chorus.  
 Basketball.  
 Baseball.  
 Swimming.  
 Track.  
 "The Trysting Place."  
 "Grumpy."

## LOUISE E. HENTER.

'19-'20 High School Chorus.  
 '20-'21 High School Chorus.  
 Basketball.  
 "Esmeralda."  
 '21-'22 Girls' Athletic Editor, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 High School Chorus.  
 Girls' Glee Club.  
 Basketball.  
 Track.  
 "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone."  
 '22-'23 Class President.  
 Literary Editor, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 High School Chorus.  
 Basketball.  
 Track.  
 "Grumpy."

## MATTISON G. PULLIG.

'19-'20 High School Chorus.  
 '20-'21 Class President.  
 General Assistant—"Esmeralda."  
 '21-'22 Art Editor, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 Girls' Glee Club.  
 High School Chorus.  
 "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone."  
 General Assistant—"Clarence."  
 '22-'23 Class Secretary.  
 Joke Editor, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 High School Chorus.  
 "The Trysting Place."  
 "Grumpy."  
 President, Girls' Supper Club.

## EMOGENE J. NASH.

'19-'20 High School Chorus.  
 Basketball.  
 '20-'21 Oklahoma Baptist University.  
 '21-'22 Class Secretary-Treasurer.  
 High School Chorus.  
 Girls' Glee Club.  
 "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone."  
 '22-'23 Alumni Editor, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 High School Chorus.  
 "Grumpy."

## H. EDWARD MAY.

'19-'20 High School Chorus.  
 '20-'21 Class Secretary.  
 Circulation Manager, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 Class Basketball.  
 Track.  
 "Esmeralda."  
 '21-'22 Class President.  
 Assistant Editor-in-Chief, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 High School Chorus.  
 Boys' Glee Club.  
 Class Basketball.  
 Track.  
 "The Zone Police."  
 '22-'23 Editor-in-Chief, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 High School Chorus.  
 Class basketball.  
 Track.  
 Tennis.  
 "The Trysting Place."  
 "Grumpy."

## GERALD D. BLISS, JR.

'19-'20 Class President.  
 High School Chorus.  
 '20-'21 Basketball.  
 '21-'22 Class Vice-President.  
 Assistant Business Manager, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 High School Chorus.  
 Boys' Glee Club.  
 Basketball.  
 Baseball.  
 Swimming.  
 Tennis.  
 "The Zone Police."  
 '22-'23 Editor-in-Chief, resigned.  
 Advertising Manager, THE CARIBBEAN.  
 Basketball.  
 Baseball.  
 Tennis.  
 "The Trysting Place."  
 "Grumpy."



## WE ARE SEVEN.



I met an old Cristobal girl;  
She was quite grown up she said;  
Her hair was thick but not a-curl—  
For she wore it bobbed instead!

"Now tell me of your school," I said,  
And classmates dear to you."  
She settled down with a smile and said,  
"There's nothing I'd rather do."

"How many were there, first," I said,  
"And what deeds did they do?  
And what accomplishments are theirs  
Since they with school are through?"

"There were not many of us sir;  
We numbered only seven,  
And we are just as many now,  
For none has gone to Heaven.

"First Gerald, Jr., I'll discuss;  
He's Bliss in deed and name;  
As an advertising manager  
He's made his name and fame.

"He was an athlete every inch—  
He swam, played basketball,  
Was tennis champion, and caught  
At baseball, and did well in all;

"To raffle was his chief delight;  
(He has his bicycle still!)  
He left to Chester Pike the right  
To go in and out at will.

"Ernst Euphrat is the next in line,—  
He is a Jr. too—  
He still is practising dentistry  
As he of old did do.

"He never loved athletics much—  
He found them rather tame—  
But, when he started anything,  
We always found him game.

"He took his time in what he did,  
Was easy to amuse;  
To Inza Markham he did leave  
The right to play the "Blues."

"And then there was the Henter girl,  
Whose first name was Louise;  
She's won much literary fame  
Since taking her degrees.

"In sports she ranked with any one,  
Played basketball, and ran,  
Could jump, play tennis, throw the shot—  
She's even caught a man!

"She always was just full of pep  
And effervescent cheer;  
To Ethel S. she left her gift  
Of having for classwork no fear.

"And next comes Henry Edward May—  
He with the curly hair;  
His slender fingers, long and firm,  
Have made him a surgeon rare.

"He ran and jumped and sang and danced  
And thought and spoke with ease;  
And his report card also  
Was always full of E's!

"To things worth while for everyone  
He did devote his strength;  
With Gladys L. and Charlotte H.  
He did divide his length.

"The next I'll name was Henry Moore—  
He came from Randolph post,—  
As maker of the best cartoons  
He's known from coast to coast.

"Another athlete true was he  
He hailed from "Coitis" High;  
As "Grumpy" he achieved a name  
Which is not like to die.

"By nature pleasant, cheerful, yet  
He liked his friendly spats;  
To Florence Albert he did will  
His pleasant noon-day chats.

"Another girl was Emogene—  
Her name of yore was Nash—  
By giving concerts everywhere  
She earns a million—cash.

"She swam, played tennis with a vim,  
Shone in society,  
But best of all she liked it when  
She soared to hit high C.

"As 'Black Beauty' she scored a hit—  
In fact was made the queen,—  
The prestige of Miss Liberty  
Gave to Edith C. as queen."

"And what about yourself?" I asked;  
"Of your renown I've heard;  
Your influence on all was great;  
All listened to your word.

"In high school sport you never joined,  
But always lent your cheers;  
The memory of your pep and push  
Has come down through the years.

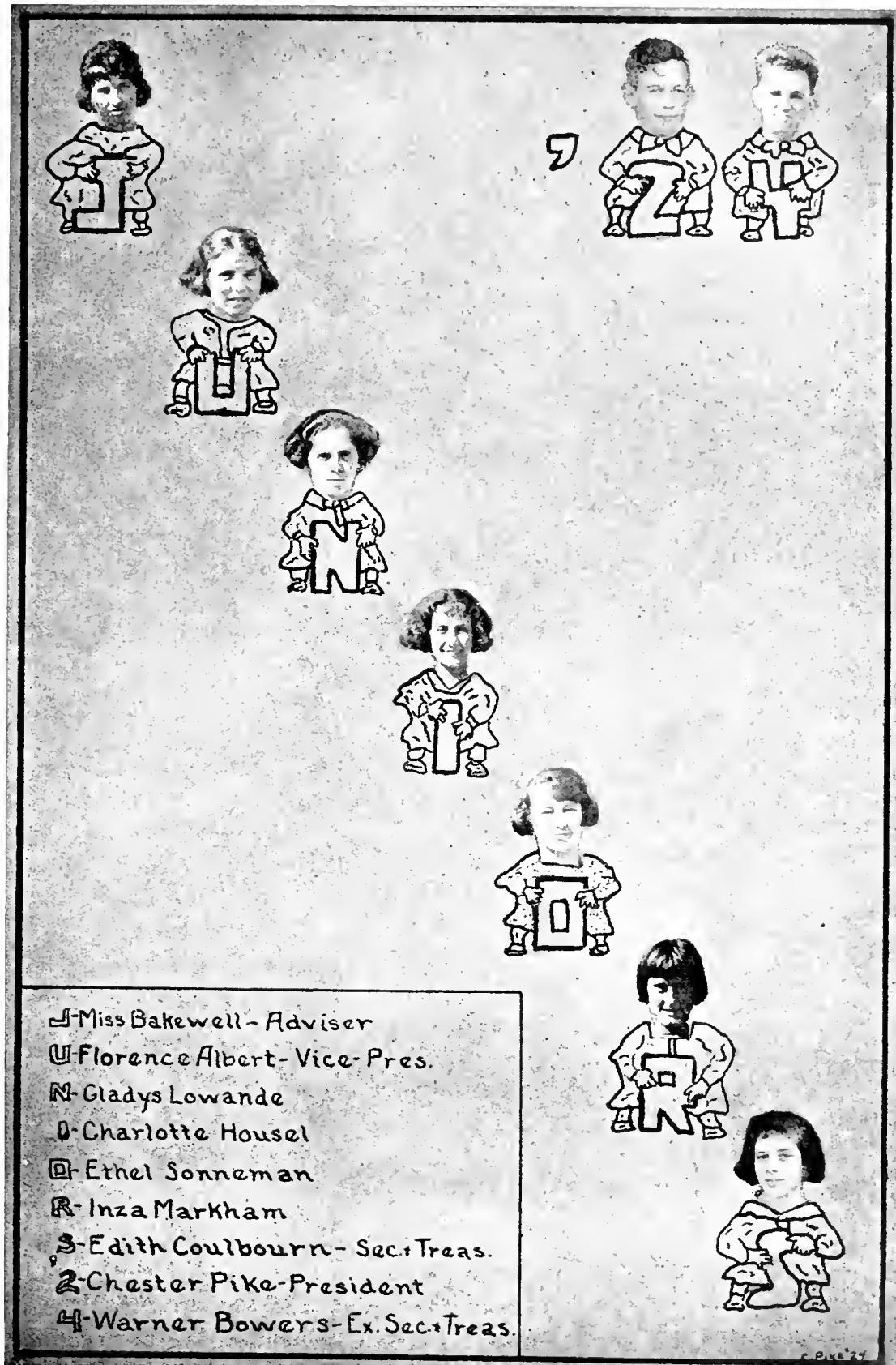
"I understand you left to George  
Your popularity,  
And that the class of '23  
Left love and loyalty—"

"To our dear school? Of course we did!  
And our great dignity,  
Our toothpick dear, and Senior pen  
With no malignity

"Unto the Junior class. Advice,  
And wishes good and kind,  
To Freshmen and to Sophomores  
We sweetly left behind.

"And to the faculty we left  
Our thanks when from them riven;  
We're still the class of '23;  
We're one though we are seven."





THE LAST JUNIOR GATHERING OF THE  
CLASS OF '24.

*Gladys Lowande, '24.*

"Hey, kids, what about an informal gathering?—the last one as Juniors, you know. When we come back in October, it will be as the Senior Class. Sounds great, doesn't it? Come on, Miss Bakewell."

With Chet's words echoing in their ears, the happy group strolled down to the domestic science building, a building fairly haunted with memories of past Junior doings. There were—Chester Pike, good old Chet, the best class president ever; Inza Markham and Florence Albert, otherwise known as Bobbie and Flossie, the Damon and Pythias of the class; George Oakes, generally called "Oakes," wearing that same unbanishable smile with which he had entered school the latter part of the year; Edith Coulbourn and Ethel Sonneman, Ed and Ethel, both quiet, demure maidens not heard from very often, but, be it sale or party, always willing to do their share and more; Charlotte Housel, a wee little girl kept most busy with either playing the piano, tennis, basket-ball or entertaining a certain senior lad; and last of all, Gladys Lowande, alias "Pinky," and Miss Bakewell, their much loved class adviser.

"Well Chet, now that we are here, what's the big idea?"

"Nothing exactly but—I just sent the janitor down for some ice cream thinking that you might—"

"Ice cream! Lead me to it! Sounds' most as good as the eats at our Valentine party. Remember the six salads that Warner got away with, to say nothing of the cake?"

"Do we? Well I'll say so. By the way, Chester, have you heard from him lately?"

"Yes, I've had a couple of letters. He's in Brooklyn, New York, now having one grand and glorious time. In the last letter I had, he said to tell you, Gladys, that he was glad to hear that your prayer for another Junior boy had been answered. You know, Oakes, Gladys prayed for you for about a month before you came."

"Oh, I did not, I just hoped we'd get another boy to take Warner's place. But returning to the subject of the party, whenever I hear it mentioned, that is—by some one of the feminine sex—there is sure to be some raving about your wonderful interpretation of the sheik, Chet."

"Never mind, Chet, you haven't a thing on Charlotte. Let me give you an impersonation of her at the cake sale. 'Say, won't you buy this

lovely chocolate layer cake? Just like mother used to make! What? You don't like chocolate cake?" Then she'd look up at the victim with those mischievous eyes of hers and continue— "But I'm sure you'll like this one. Just look at the wonderful icing. Why you couldn't possibly get anything better—oh, you will take it. I knew you liked chocolate cake all the time, especially layer cake. One dollar-fifty please!"

"So that's the way she did it, Bobbie. When in the world is that ice cream coming? You're sure you sent for it, Chet?"

"'Course I did. There you are as impatient as ever, Oakes. That's just the way he was at the track meet. You saw him, didn't you, Miss Bakewell? On the mark in the four-forty, there he was, anxious to be off. At the sound of the gun he was off like lightning and talk about speed and class—he surely has it."

"Cut out that talk, Chet. What about basketball? Never have seen anyone play a finer game of guard, than you do—what's that Ethel?"

"Nothing, except that I am tired of hearing you boys sing each other's praises. What about the girls? Look, Charlotte and Pinky have both made the representative school team. Edith and I have seen all the games and we know there isn't a better forward on the Isthmus than Charlotte."

"Yes, and not only athletics but what about Flossie's good work as toast-mistress at the Junior-Senior banquet? You were great Flossie, but how in the world do you do it?"

"That's nothing at all, Edith. But say, I'll tell the rest of you that Ed, Bobbie, and Ethel were certainly there when it came to decorating. Didn't the room and those tables look gorgeous? And talk about eats, well, Miss Bakewell, I think we all agree that you know how to manage such things. By the way, Chet, the next time you write, tell Warner about those chicken timbales, tuna salad, mashed potatoes, and string beans, and oh yes—he was the one that used to talk about the way Charlotte jazzed the piano—tell him we learned at the banquet that she could regulate a victrola too."

"Don't you dare tell him any such thing, Chet. Look, here's the janitor, thank goodness. Come on Chet, dish the ice cream out quick, for I am nearly famished. How in the world did you ever happen to think of something so nice, anyhow?"

"I didn't. Now for the surprise. This isn't my treat but Miss Bakewell's. So before we start on the cream, let's give her three rousing good cheers. One, two, three, go."—"Rah, rah, rah, Bakewell."

THE CARIBBEAN.

1925 JUNE 1925

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Reading left to right  
Courtney Hopkins, President  
William Johnson, Vice-  
President.  
Elvira M. Loden, Executive  
President.

Alice Oliver, Treasurer.  
Frances Gray, Secretary  
Hortense Deihert.

Morris Marinsky  
Leora Bindy  
Michael Moran  
Dale Aron  
Rene Metzger

W. W. W. Smith  
J. M. Hall, Jr.  
M. L. T. B. R. G. E.  
D. C. D. A. H. P. S.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

"25."

*Caldwell B. Foos, '25.*

Solid comfort. I lean back in my deck chair and listen lazily to the swish-sh-sh of the great Army transport as it plows through the heaving Caribbean. My soul is at rest, and I think with a slight twinge of loneliness of all my friends back in the Zone—especially those of the Sophomore class, at old Cristobal High. Dawg-gon, but I had some good times with that bunch! And now I am leaving them all on my way to the States. All? No, not quite. Down the deck the Deibert child, with practised ease, is engaging her father in a mock flirtation, and remarking in her imitable manner, "Ain't it cute?"—this time referring to the moon, which beams down at her in reply. I lean further back, and think of them all. What immediately comes to my mind is the Sophomore dramatization of "Silas Marner." Wow! The practices we used to have! I was one of the "Silas Marners"—there were four, because of the length of the play—Andy Smith, Jimmy Burgoon, José Arosemena, and myself. My "Eppie"—there were two, Hyacinth Eden and Helen Abendroth—had a naturally kidding nature, and what we did to those supposedly serious rehearsals was a sin and a shame. Woof! I get a kick out of it even now. But when the play came off, on visitors' day, we were all letter-perfect, and the acts followed one another smoothly and without a hitch of any kind. The only trouble was the lack of "Silas' shirts"—there were only two of them. I got one and Andy Smith got the other. I can still see Andy hurtling down the hall at his four-forty-stride to give Jimmy Burgoon, who followed him, the highly necessary shirt.

We were surely well represented in athletics that year. Andy Smith shone in the four-forty-and the mile relay, while two of our members—"Peppy" Arosemena and William Cousins—made the first team in basket ball, the former at forward and the latter at guard. And as for the chess team, the Sophomores proved to have the best material in the school, no member of another class finding a place in the line-up. At this point I allow a satisfied smile to creep over my face. I might not have been able to make any of the other teams, but at least here was where I "shone with unparalleled glory."

The ship's bell sends its clear notes over the water. I settle down and continue my interrupted thoughts. The Sophomore party. I grin as I recall how, with zeal and zip, I pushed a potato across the hall, wriggling along on my stomach and pushing the "spud" with my nose. I had enjoyed that party—good nature, good entertainment, good refreshments (I made sure of that, being on the refreshment committee). A good party in every sense of the word.

And the ordinary school days were enjoyable too, thanks to little incidents which broke the periods of study (does anybody remember the "genuine Howouldja bag?") and made a day of school something to be looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation.

And then—the last day of school. I found to my joy I had passed all five subjects with high marks, and the class of '25, still the class of '25, but now rejoicing in the honorable title of Junior, dispersed for the two months' vacation. And—well, here I am. I sit for awhile listening to the sea; then stretch myself luxuriously and go down to my stateroom.



## FRESHMAN CLASS

Petals—Beginning at top, reading clockwise: (outside) Gay Turner, Treasurer; Christian Wirtz, Charles Trowbridge, Manola Bliss, Dorothea Tufts, Lise Bixby, Mildred Oliver, William Clinehard, Carlos Pular, Dehlah May, Johanna Kleefkens, Maurice Eggleston, William Coffey. (Inside) -Winfred Allwork, ex-Vice-President; Dorothy Pike, Secretary; Mildred Neely, Alpha Morgan, Miss Barnhouse, Adviser; Oliver King, Virginia Tucker, Vice-President, Helen Abendroth, Zella Eggleston, Lola Muñoz, Irene Hopkins, Esther Mackey, Dorothy Vaughn. Center: John Coffey, President.

## FRESHMAN INDEX.

*Helen Abendroth, '26.*

1. Abendroth, Helen,—Her only worry—that she won't have enough time to read.
2. Allwork, Winifred,—It took Winifred to hustle up the Freshmen. "Better come back, Winifred; we need you."
3. Bixby, Elsie,—"The Freshmen wish you all kinds of luck in your business course, Elsie."
4. Bliss, Manola,—Work doesn't bother her—She doesn't bother work.
5. Carson, Betty,—"Beware of those eyes!"
6. Campbell, James,—His favorite expression—"Not prepared."
7. Coffey, Billy,—If size were a handicap, we're afraid Billy wouldn't be able to dive.
8. Coffey, Jack,—He's a lazy but good-natured sort of person.
9. Clinchard, William,—Girls don't bother him in the least.
10. Eberenz, Marcella,—This gay butterfly has flitted from our midst.
11. Eggleston, Maurice,—"Oh those dimples!"
12. Eggleston, Zelda,—"What's that good-looking boy's name?"
13. Hopkins, Irene,—She's at her best at a dance.
14. Kennedy, Ion,—Demure as a Priscilla.
15. Kleefkens, Johanna,—"Johanna, please keep quiet!"
16. King, Oliver,—He'd make a good actor.
17. Mackey, Esther,—She has an unusual interest in the eighth grade.
18. May, Delilah,—Delilah loves ancient history.
19. Morgan, Alpha,—"How do you enjoy science, Al?"
20. Muñoz, Lola,—She's a strong booster for bobbed hair.
21. Neely, Mildred,—"Oh! more algebra?"
22. Oliver, Mildred,—"What's the answer to this problem?"
23. Ordway, John,—He brings a smile from Fort Sherman every morning.
24. Pike, Dorothy,—"Still doing Domestic Science work, Dot?"
25. Pulgar, Carlos,—"Carlos! Leave the room."
26. Turner, Gay,—Her heart is in her work.
27. Trowbridge, Charles,—"When do we eat?"
28. Tucker, Virginia,—"Keep it up, Tucker, you make a fine barber."
29. Vaughan, Dorothy,—"Darn that eighth grade arithmetic."
30. Walsh, Charles,—"Say, Charley, we miss your jokes the sixth period; wish you'd join us again."
31. Wirtz, Christian,—"How many posters do you want?"

## THE PIERS.

*Gerald Bliss, Jr., '23.*

A mass of concrete buildings standing high  
 Where negroes sweat and toil the whole day long—  
 These piers above which airplanes stately fly  
 To meet each steamer, as it comes along  
 And docks, while busy foremen sharply cry,  
 "All hands at work, cut out your jib and song."  
 The tourists leave the boat and pass on by  
 The anxious, weary, tired-of-waiting throng.  
 Boats bring the foreigners from far Japan;  
 From East and West; Sweden and Italy;  
 They carry men of every hue and clan—  
 E'en those who hail from distant Araby.  
 And, tho' they come from places far and near,  
 They always meet at a Canal Zone pier.

## THE TROPIC MOON.

*Ernst Euphrat, '23.*

The dark of night is turned to light of day,  
 The earth has taken on a silver sheen,  
 For Luna fair has touched it with her beam.  
 Each object, large or small, or drab or gray,  
 Is all transfigured by the radiant ray.  
 The shadows only emphasize the gleam  
 Upon the palm leaves, grasses, shrubs. 'Twould seem  
 As if the world could ne'er again be gray.  
 Across the sea is cast a path of light,  
 Diminishing in brightness till it breaks  
 In spots which sparkle in the ripples, bright  
 As phosphorescence—silvery flakes.  
 So large, so grand, the moon—so white, so bright,  
 That e'en the stars for shame have dimmed their light.

## A TRIBUTE.

*Ernst Euphrat, '23.*

Here's to the class of '24;  
 They will sustain reputations of yore;  
 They will sponsor the school, keep her name fair and bright,  
 And achieve for themselves names with honor bedight;  
 With a fond farewell to their Alma Mater,  
 They will pass to the world, each one a first-rater.



From Jim Coman, son of Lula Mae, '18.

# ALUMNI



To Zim, '22, with the famous Ford.

Another year has come and gone, adding a new group of alumni to those whom Cristobal High School has sent out and of whom she feels so proud.

Each year increases our number and broadens the activities of our members.

We know that in the near future the names of some of our most famous men and women will be on our own roster.

Here is to the old  
Here is to the new  
Here is to the future  
May we all be true.

**1918**

### SALEM, VIRGINIA.

Congratulations and best wishes for the future and the class of '23, and all the success in the world for "our" annual. As ever,

LULA PULLIG COMAN.

### DENVER, COLORADO.

I leave in ten days for Ten Sleep, Wyoming, on a piece of work that will keep me out there until next winter. You know I am still a tramp civil engineer.

I know that hard work will make a better annual than good wishes; still I am offering my best. Believe me there is a warm spot in my heart for old Cristobal High School.

Sincerely, BURKE WELCH.

### HENDERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am teaching the sixth grade in the Hendersonville City School, and I like my work very much.

THE CARIBBEAN of course has my very best wishes, as it always does. Give my regards to the high school. It will be a long time, if ever, before I forget the palms and waves on Colon Beach.

With best wishes for the class of '23.

Faithfully,

MARY E. VERNER.

Minot Cotton is residing in Brooklyn, New York, and is working in the main office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York City.

Susie Harrison is visiting in Delaware now and does not expect to return to the Canal Zone.

Catherine Teese Waid is taking a course in journalism at Columbia University. She is a junior this year.

**1919.**

Kenneth Edwards is now residing on his father's farm in Wellsboro, Pennsylvania.

Dorothy Anna Wier Montanye is now living in Pittston, Pennsylvania.

James Gerard Raymond is now in Cristobal. He is property clerk at the Cristobal Commissary.

### BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am finishing my course at Simmons College in June and I expect to have a position in Washington, D. C., next year.

The very best wishes to the class of '23 and to the '23 CARIBBEAN. I know from all promises that the annual is to be the best ever.

Sincerely,

Alice Arlene Ball.

**1920.**

### LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

At present I am taking a business course at Wordbury Business College, one of the best in the City. I enjoy my work very much and I expect to graduate in October, when a good position will be waiting for me.

With best wishes for the class of '23, and the best of luck for Cristobal High School, I remain

Sincerely,

Etha Bevington.

### BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

I wish that more of the Canal Zone students would come up here to college; I know that they couldn't make a better choice. I have one more

year and I would like to haze some Canal Zone freshmen before I leave. I am working in the real estate business with my father and so I am real busy with that and my school work. One has to study hard here to get anywhere and we have few idle moments, but I have never enjoyed life any more than I do right now, in California.

Best wishes to the student body and success to THE CARIBBEAN.

Sincerely,

HARLAN W. HOLMWOOD.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

I am at the University of California, the greatest in the country—not only in athletics either. I do hope to welcome at least one Cristobal High School student this year. As ever,

ALSON SEARS.

Alice Stilson is living in Santurce Park with her parents.

Lillian Cotton Van Wagner is now residing in Brooklyn, New York.

Kathryn Burgoon Stewart is a cashier in the Cristobal Clubhouse and resides in Cristobal. We hope that some day little Virginia will go to Cristobal High School.

J. B. Fields, Jr., is studying mechanical engineering in the University of Texas.

CRIStOBAL, CANAL ZONE.

DEAR CRISTOBAL HIGH:— If the copy you have sent in to our press so far is an indication of the general style of the finished book, it is going to be almost as good as the 1920 annual.

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of '23.

As ever,

AL DOYLE.

COUDERSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA.

Aren't we getting classy, using letter-head stationery, embossed at that? Who evolved that bright idea? I'm sure you will put out the best CARIBBEAN yet. You know that was the original aspiration (to make each issue better than the preceding) and I believe I can safely say that it has been done so far. You know you people just don't dare to break the chain.

I'm getting to be a regular Reuben T. Hayseed out here in the backwoods of the most uncivilized, desolate, and forsaken bit of wilderness in the United States. Yet

Though scattered we be to the four winds of Heaven,  
Divided perhaps by the great seas seven,  
Still we'll be bound by one great tie—  
We are fellow alumni of Cristobal High.

As ever,

KENNETH GREENE.

Lindale Davies is residing in Boston, Massachusetts.

1921.

Alice Hunter is taking a secretarial course at Mount Saint Vincent on the Hudson. She expects to be with us this vacation.

Frank Raymond, Jr., is taking a medical course at Columbia University. "College is great and I think that Cristobal High School is the place to prepare one for it. For look how it has urged me to take as long a course as I am taking. I surely must have brought a love for education from Cristobal High School to take up more than a four year course. I am doing nicely but it is a question of how long I can keep it up. Send up some Cristobal High School spirit."

Kirby Ferguson is now visiting in the States, she expects to spend September with her brother Harry as that is the time the Naval Cadets have their leave. She will be returning after the Army and Navy game in October or November.

FORT RANDOLPH, CANAL ZONE.

It doesn't seem that I have been out of school nearly two years, and there are times when I wish I were back again with my old school mates.

I hope that this year's annual will be much bigger and more successful than last year's and I want to say that I certainly do enjoy reading the stories that the students write for their annual.

I wish you all the best luck in the world for this year's annual.

Sincerely,

ELEANOR ZIMMERMANN.

Charles Henter is a radio operator in the aviation service, stationed at San Diego, California.

Carl Duey is working on a farm in Pennsylvania, and expects to re-enter Penn State College this year.

1922.

George J. Cartwright is taking an electrical engineering course at the University of Pennsylvania. "I like my work very much and also the school. There seems to be a Cristobal High School spirit prevalent. My best wishes to the Faculty;

congratulations to the Seniors, and my sympathies for the Frosh. Best wishes for the success of THE CARIBBEAN and "Grumpy." Sincerely,

GEORGE J. CARTWRIGHT.

GATUN, CANAL ZONE.

DEAR CRISTOBAL HIGH SCHOOL:-

I am studying hard preparatory to entering the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Best wishes for THE CARIBBEAN and the class of '23.

EMMA TOWNSEND.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

Greetings to Cristobal High School from Texas. Texas University is a grand school but they surely know how to make one work. I am taking a very interesting course and am working for a degree in home economics.

My best wishes to everyone, and I sincerely hope that you will have a good CARIBBEAN this year.

As ever,

MARY GLENN FIELDS.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

At present I am working hard trying to find some way to spend my time, but, if they will let me in, I intend to enter the Rhode Island Normal School in the fall to take up kindergarten training. I didn't think I could miss the Canal Zone as I have. It gets you every time. Best wishes for the finest CARIBBEAN ever, and also for the class of '23.

As ever,

MILDRED STAFFORD.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

I am now taking a post-graduate course at the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School and am doing well in all of my subjects. I expect to enter Pomona College in September following and take a mechanical engineering course. After one year there I want to transfer to Stanford University to pursue my studies further.

I wish that I could spend a few more days of happiness at dear old Cristobal High School with the bunch. I do not like the States very well, altho California must be ideal as compared to the eastern states.

Here's to the success of THE CARIBBEAN, 1923 and ever after.

"Day by day, in every way," THE CARIBBEAN's getting bigger and better.

As ever, LEROY B. MAGNUSON.

#### WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

I find Washington delightful, between the times I am wishing I were back in Panama. At present I am studying in high school to keep from forgetting all that I learned at Cristobal High School, until next fall. Then I expect to commence in kindergarten training.

I want to tell you that I enjoyed being a student and am proud to be an alumnus of Cristobal High School. Best wishes to the school, THE CARIBBEAN, and the class of '23.

Sincerely,

MARJORIE BALL, '22.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

The best classroom I have is the swimming pool and my best instructor is the swimming coach. The swimming pool and the gymnasiums of Columbia are hard to be beaten. School is fine and what I like best is that Columbia has as good school spirit as Cristobal High has—the fighting spirit.

Your friend,

PAUL C. DOYLE.

FORT RANDOLPH, CANAL ZONE.

I wish Cristobal High School success in their work on their annual.

At present, as you all know, I am taking solid geometry and Spanish. Next year I expect to enter Syracuse University to study forestry. Very truly yours,

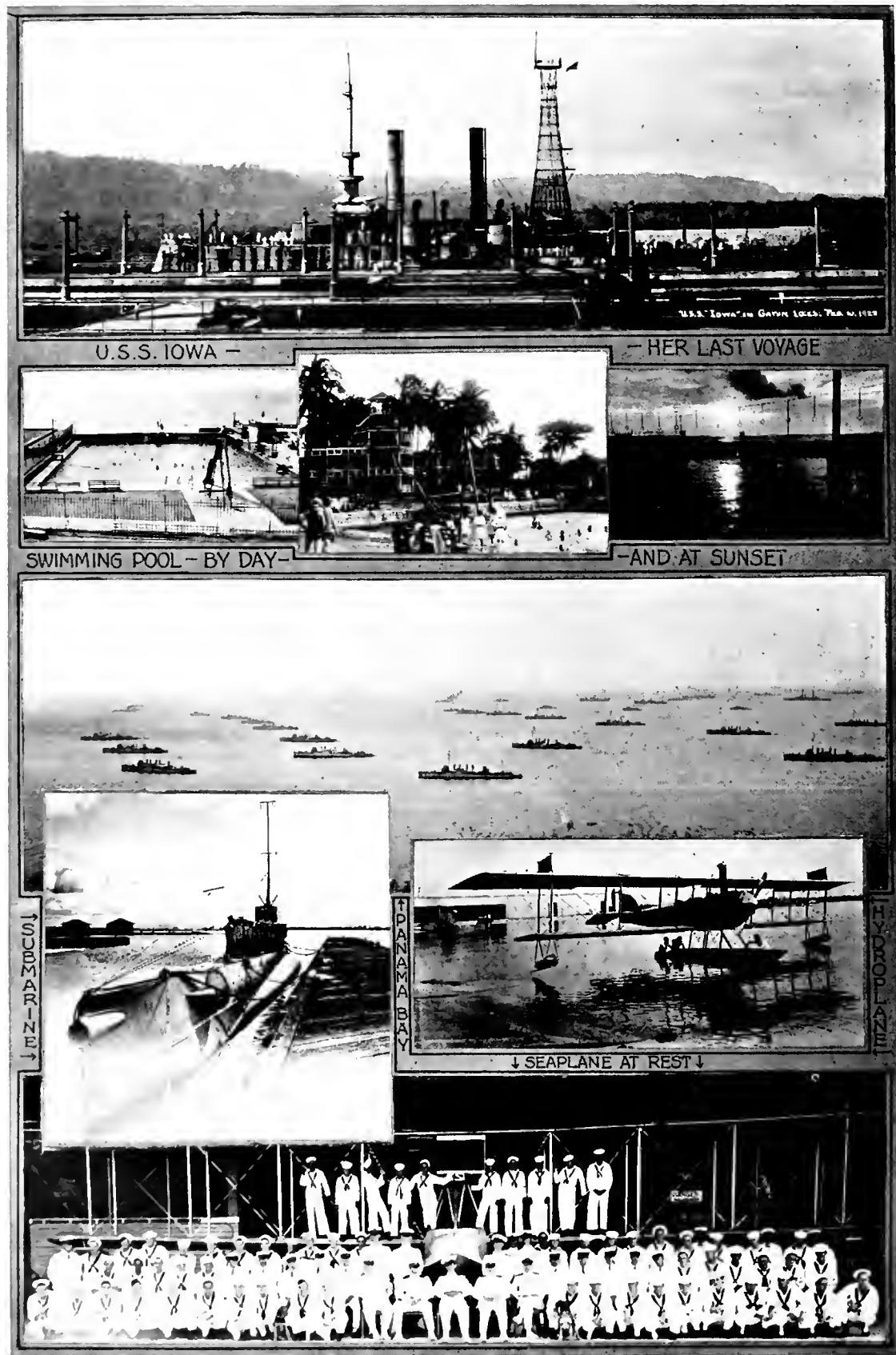
JORDAN  
ZIMMERMANN.

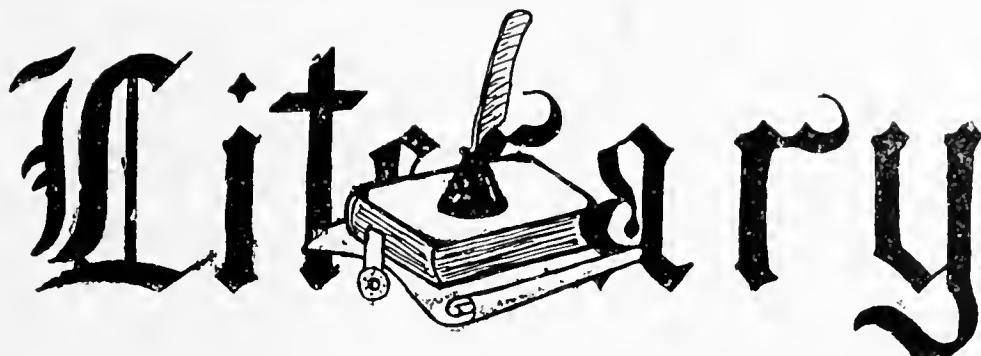
Ida Brown has been working in the American Foreign Banking Corporation, but is now in the States on vacation.

Wesley H. Townsend is in a branch school of Syracuse University in the northern part of New York.



"PACO" and "FRANKIE"  
Paul Doyle and Frank Raynor, Edt. & in-Chief,  
1922 and 1921, now in Columbia University.





*Louise Henter, '22.*

### THE DUNGEON OF FORT SAN LORENZO.

*Warner F. Bowers, '24.*

"Say, Sparks, tell us again what Mr. Duey said about that dungeon," said Chet, paddling in the bow. "We don't want to forget any of it."

The three of us, clad in our bathing suits, loaded with picks, shovels, and one day's provisions were at last making our long-planned excursion.

"Well," I began, "Mr. Duey said that he had heard of a dungeon in the outer wall of Fort Lorenzo which was used by the old Spaniards as an easy means of killing prisoners. The whole dungeon is flooded at high tide and so, any prisoners chained inside would be drowned. He said that the terrible odor of the place is the only thing that has kept people from exploring it."

"Odor?" broke in Wes, "Do you mean to tell me that there is an odor after all these years? Trying to kid us, aren't you?"

"Well, I'm just telling you what he said," I answered indignantly. "I don't know any more about it than you do. He didn't say how we could find the entrance; so we'll have to look around."

After about two hours of paddling we came to the mouth of the river and slipped out into the little bay. On a high bluff to our right stood the ruins of the old fort, its walls and turrets overgrown with a rank tropical vegetation that made it difficult to determine the exact extent of the ruins. We paddled up close to the steep bank and pulled ourselves along from bush to bush, flashing our torches in at all the openings between the rocks. In this manner we worked our way along one entire side without finding the opening for which we were looking.

"I don't believe that there is any such animal," said Chet, looking a little discouraged.

"Don't start to worry now," I said. "We still have another side." I didn't want him to know that I felt disappointed too.

As we rounded the point, we came out into the open bay and ran into the full force of the ground swells that came rolling in from the calm sea, a sea of that hue which makes it so difficult to distinguish the line where the sky touches the water.

"I'll bet our passageway is under that rock just ahead," said Wes.

"I'll bet so too," cried Chet. "It has a mysterious look."

"Well, we'll see when we get there," I answered conservatively.

The rock referred to jutted out from the bank about eight or ten feet and was so closely overgrown with clinging vines and scrubby bushes that we couldn't tell whether it was natural or man made.

We paddled up to it and parted the bushes. There, sure enough, a black opening yawned before us. A funny little shiver ran up my back as we turned on our flash lights and pushed the canoe into the opening. What a sight met our eyes, as we flashed our lights upward! The whole roof was hung with snow-white stalactites which scintillated in a hundred different colors as the bright glare struck them. Too much interested to speak, we pushed on silently and beached the canoe on a little strip of sand which had washed up around the beginning of the tunnel proper. The slimy floor was slightly up hill we noticed as we started up the passage, bent over to avoid the extremely low roof.

We had gone only a short distance when Chester broke out, "Don't you fellows notice that smell? It's awful."

"I had noticed it," I answered, "but I thought that I was just imagining it."

"I smell it, too," said Wes. "It's getting stronger all the time."

We passed on silently for a while. The melancholy drip, drip, drip, of the limewater from the roof made me so nervous that in my overwrought imagination, the sound of every drop was magnified a thousandfold. Then too, the odor was becoming unbearable.

"I'm going to settle this right now," I told the other fellows as I pulled out my handkerchief, soaked it in one of the limewater puddles, and tied it around my head, covering my nose.

"If you fellows are wise, you'll do the same thing now before we go any farther," I continued.

They both silently followed suit and we went on.

"I believe I can account for this smell," I managed to mumble through my handkerchief. Their eyes asked the question which their handkerchiefs muffled; so I went on, "You have probably noticed that this floor gradually slopes upward. Well, I believe that the outside air keeps this foul air pressed up in here, and since there is nothing to create a draft, this is, in all probability, the same air that was in here when the bodies of the prisoners were first put here."

My theory sounded so reasonable that they did not stop to argue.

Just then Wes, who was in the lead, gave a sharp cry and ran forward, turning his flash light on the wall. There was a long line of rusty chains and collars hanging from the wall, and still farther on we found some gruesome skeletons—one with the collar still around the ghastly vertebrae, and another, an uncanny heap of crushed bones as if of some victim of wheel, rack, or some other devilish kind of torture.

"Oh boy, I'd like to get a chance at the fellows that would do a thing like that," muttered Wes, through clenched teeth. "Why couldn't they kill them like men instead of devils?"

Just a short distance ahead we came to a blank wall blocking the passage. Was this the end of the dungeon? It evidently was, but if so, where was the connection with the fort?

"Boys, I guess this means the end of it, unless we can get through this wall."

Wes didn't need to tell us though, for we saw that as quickly as he did.

"What is to stop us from digging at it a while?" suggested Chester. "We have picks and shovels and the rest of the day before us. What do you say we take a crack at it?"

Without even stopping to answer I hurried back to the canoe and got two picks and a shovel. With Wes and Chester using the picks and me the shovel, we soon had most of the wall down.

"We aren't much better off now, than we were at first," I remarked, as we came to a heavy iron door which effectually shut off the passage.

"Thank goodness, it is rusty," I said as I started to batter off the hinges with a pick. Working together, we at last got the door down and found ourselves on the threshold of a room. The walls were made of enormous blocks of sandstone, and the floor, which was comparatively dry, was composed of huge flagstones laid in a sort of rough pattern. What most attracted our attention was the skeleton of a man in a corselet and helmet of steel, which was seated on the floor, leaning against the wall. The helmet, which had once been burnished and shining, was set at a jaunty angle over the grinning jaws and glaring, empty eye sockets of the skull. The steel coat hung loosely on the wasted frame, and the sword, still buckled around the bony waist, lay on the floor by its side. The remains of the silks and velvets which no doubt had clothed him lay in mouldering heaps on the floor. Beside this grisly sight stood an iron-bound chest with worm-eaten sides ready to crumble at the lightest touch.

"Say, isn't this a cheerful place!" whispered Chet. "Let's do something to shake off the gloom. Suppose we open the chest and then explore the room thoroughly."

"Suits me," I replied. "We'll have to examine the skeleton too. It looks full of possibilities."

"You examine the old bones if you want to, Spark. You're welcome to my share," said Wes generously. "The chest looks best to me. Suppose you give it a few licks, Chet."

What might not the chest contain? Gold, jewels, valuable documents? Stories of the fabulous wealth of the New World rose in our minds—stories of the gold of the Incas and the treasures wrested from the Indians by Pizarro, Cortez, and others. None of the treasure of Lorenzo had ever been found! No wonder our hopes ran high. We

were doomed to disappointment though. The chest contained coins, right enough, but they were practically all copper or brass. We each found a gold one as a souvenir and I picked up several different ones of copper and brass for my collection, but the bulk of them we left as we had found them.

I was better rewarded in my examination of the skeleton, however. Just as I was turning away, I caught the bright gleam of something on one of the bony fingers. I investigated and found it to be a large shiny ring with a beautiful blood stone set, on which were carved the initials "J. N. A."

"He left his calling card," I called to the other boys, "but he only left his initials instead of his full name. Look around for something that might identify him."

I had to repeat to them several times just how I had found the ring; then we started to examine the chamber in earnest.

"Look here, boys," called Wes, "what's this scratched on the wall? Looks as if it might be the last will and testament of our friend J. N. A."

Wes knew more Spanish than either of us; so we asked him to read the inscription and he haltingly translated the following:

"These are the last words of Don Juan Nuñez de Alcorza, once commandant of Fort San Lorenzo. Slowly I am dying of starvation because of that pig, Sir Henry Morgan. True, I have my sword at hand but no one shall say that I, Don Juan Nuñez de Alcorza, was not man enough to meet the death to which he was sentenced. Like the English pirate that he is, he crept upon us on the night of a feast when all of my men were drinking. Those men who were not butchered in their drunken stupor, escaped from the fort only to die of starvation or fever in the swampy jungle. They deserted, the dogs! Leaving me to fight the pirate horde single-handed—me, their commander, specially commissioned by Her Highness, the Queen of Spain!

"Oh! that I might feel that English throat between these fingers for but a few precious moments before I die. Then indeed might I die happy.

"Por Dios, for a morsel of food! My brain reels, my eyes grow dim—Hasta luego. Adios."

"People always thought that the commandant was the one who deserted," said Wes, "but we'll have a different story to tell when we get back.

Our friend Don Juan had a hard time of it, didn't he?"

"Say, where do you suppose this tunnel leads to?" I asked as I pointed to a low archway in the wall.

"Very likely that leads up to the fort," spoke up Chet. "Let's see."

The passage was only about twenty feet in length. Then we came to the bottom of a shaft cut straight up through the hill. On one side iron brackets were set in the wall to form a rough ladder. This, then, was the only means of reaching the dungeon from the fort. We tried to climb up; but the iron was so badly rusted that the rungs broke off when any weight was put on them.

"The way we came seems to be about the only way of getting out," I said. "Say fellows," I continued, as a thought struck me, "we surely haven't much time left to fool around before the tide is in. Mr. Duey told me that the tide is high at 11.30."

I looked at my watch and then showed it to them. It was 11.25.

"That's all right," said Chet. "We have five minutes to reach the opening."

"Yes, but Spark said that the tide would be high at 11.30. You know how narrow the opening is. Most likely the opening is under water long before the tide is high," Wes remarked.

Hardly daring to think of what we might find, we dashed down the passage. Step by step we plunged deeper into the icy water, and the water was no colder than the hand which seemed to grip our hearts. First to our ankles, then to our knees, and before we reached the little beach the lapping waters were about our hips. Our canoe was floating around, aimlessly bumping against the sides. The thing that terrified us most was the sight of the opening! It was nearly four feet under water.

"Well, boys," (Wes tried to be cheerful) "the only thing to do is to dive for it. The wall is only about six feet thick. Four feet down, six feet through, four feet up, and we are safe."

It didn't sound as easy as that to me by a long shot, but it was our only hope.

As Wesley was the best swimmer, we decided that Chet was to go first, I was to follow, and then Wes would come last. We wished Chet good luck, and then watched him expel the air from his lungs and slowly sink from sight as we clung to the rocks waiting for our turn. I waited about five minutes

and then followed him. As the green water closed over my head, I felt an almost irresistible inclination to try to climb the ladder again or to do anything but this. I fought it down, though, and swam through the opening. Just as I was coming up, I struck my head an awful blow on a projecting rock. Luckily for me, Chet was watching and pulled me out. Chet had come through all right but I had a thumping headache as we waited for Wes to appear. At last he came up smiling.

"Well, we're all safe," he spluttered. But he was too sure. Just as we were about to pull him out onto the rock, a long, black, vicious tentacle reached out from the rocks and grasped him by the ankle.

"Look out, Wes," I shouted. "Good Heavens! It's an octopus."

The slimy creature wrapped its eight snaky arms around Wes and slowly pulled him down. He managed to get his pocket-knife out and then the struggle started in earnest. A tentacle covered with suckers which blister the skin wherever they touch, pinned one of Wesley's arms to his side leaving only one hand to battle against the seven other arms of the devil fish. Wes made a thrust at the gleaming eye but a writhing arm prevented the attempt and nearly wrenched the knife from his hand. Wes recovered quickly and with a desperate slash, severed one of the arms, which sank writhing in the bloody water. The infuriated creature was slowly creeping up to Wes's throat when, with a lucky jab, he reached its eye. A tremor passed through the body of the awful thing, and, as Wes stabbed it again and again, its hold slowly slackened. At last, with a final quiver, it lost its grip entirely and sank, an inert mass. Quickly we hauled Wes out, but not any too soon, for already other arms were reaching out from the rocks. We shuddered as we thought of what we had so narrowly escaped, and set about to see that Wes was all right. He was terribly blistered about the arms and legs, but protested that he felt fine. The next question was: how to get off the rocks. Swimming was out of the question after what we had seen; so the only thing left was the cliff at our backs.

"Do you fellows feel equal to the climb?" asked Chet as we were debating about it. "I seem to be the only uninjured one of the bunch, so I know that if you can make it, I can."

Since that was the only thing to be done, we started up with the scorching sun beating down on our heads, clinging to bushes, vines, rocks, or anything that offered a foothold.

"The only thing that worries me is the loss of Wesley's canoe," I grunted as we toiled upward.

"That doesn't worry me as much as the loss of my lunch," Wes groaned cheerfully.

Often we came to patches of bare rock where we had to cut hand and footholds in the soft sandstone with our knives. Before we had gone half-way, our hands were bleeding and torn, but we had to keep on before exhaustion should overcome us. Once I thought that Chester's luck had deserted him. He was looking down to see how far we had climbed, when his foot slipped and threw his entire weight on a little bush which he was holding with his hands. The bush slipped sickeningly, gave a little, and then held. Chester remarked with a white face that he had better look up to see how much farther we had to go instead of looking down to see how much we had done.

At last we reached the top and crept exhausted into the restful shade of a mango tree to rest.

"Well, I guess we'll have to walk home; so the sooner we start, the sooner we'll get there," said Wes logically.

"I believe that we did an awfully foolish thing," I said as we filed along the trail. "Did you notice that the floor of that room was not wet? I believe that the iron door was water-tight and we could have put it back up again, filled the cracks with rocks, and stayed there until low tide."

"Say, I believe you are right," said Wes. "I didn't think of that."

"Well, for the love of Mike, don't tell anybody else," pleaded Chet. "They never would get through kidding us."

That is why we have never told the story before.



## GLIMPSES OF COLON.

IMPRESSIONS WHILE STROLLING DOWN  
BOLIVAR STREET.*Dorothy Abendroth, '25.*

A rainy afternoon. Sheets of tropic rain pouring from a gray, cheerless-looking sky. The angry rush of muddy waters down ditches blocked by naked, brown pickaninnies. Shriek cries of enjoyment as they slip and splash.

A negro prize-fighter in a black checkered suit. And spats—onion colored spats. Splashes of brown mud give them a weird futuristic touch. A great blob of color in the distance. Turns out to be a group of darkies in a confusing array of reds, blues, and greens. Waiting for the rain to stop, I guess. Vivid Chinese parasols, pink and purple, with night-marish figures winging their way across the waxed surface.

Goody! Sun's out. Gaudy blue-wheeled coaches show themselves. Blue sky peeps thru the somber gray clouds. A huge slovenly negress slouches along with an immense showcase on her head. Can't see what's in it—but from the smell I guess it's an assortment of rotting fruit. A stately Martinique woman in green plaid gingham. Naively pinned up to show the valuminous sweep of embroidered petticoat beneath. On her head a red-spotted yellow bandana turban. Poor color scheme. But picturesque! A Chinese laundryman—slant-eyed, lemon-cheeked,—sadly out of place in conventional American clothes. Casting furtive glances at the crowd as he slinks along with a huge bag of laundry on his back. Wonder why he doesn't follow the negro's custom. Tote it on his head.

Sniff! Sniff! Smell of frying fish. Cod-fish at that. Pungent odor of garlic mingled with the sickening smell of spoiled native fruit. Ugh! A Barbadian woman is preparing supper over a charcoal brazier. She's humming, "Margie." Now a series of indefinable odors as Colon prepares the evening meal.

Earrings. And more earrings. Long ones and short ones. I used to think negro babies were born with earrings. Maybe they are!

A silly simple-looking Barbadian staring at a fat English tourist in tweed knickerbockers. And green plaid stockings. Keep walking old man, you're only eight miles from the Gatun golf links. His wife, a tall angular woman swathed in hot-looking green veils, strives to keep up with his pace. I hope he's not reducing. She'll be out of luck. Two ragged sons of Jamaica in a hot argument. Their voices loud and strident above the noises of the street. Wonder who's getting the best of it. Might as well be Sanskrit or any other foreign language for all I can understand.

Sound of jazz. Nearing the lively part of town. Cabarets. Cantinas. Three cabaret singers—blond, fat, painted, bobbed-haired. In conspicuous clothes. Close competition, I suspect, to see who can attract the most attention. Signs of fresh paint. A toothless skinny lottery ticket vender in a faded drab wrapper, stretches forth a bony hand, holding a seven. A sure hunch. To-day's Friday the thirteenth, too. My lucky day. I'll buy—and if I win—clothes—gorgeous gowns from Paquin's in Paris. Hats from Madeleine et Madeleine. Then travel—the Alps, Algiers, Venice—city of romance. Maybe I'll buy a marble palazzo on the Canal Grande—have a magnificent gondola with a picturesque red-sashed gondolier instead of a car and liveried chauffeur. Oh! A Chilean sailor bumps spank into me. Too much of the "Atlantic's" hospitality, I suspect.

The first sweet chimes of evening. "Come to church! Come to church!" To "obey that impulse," I guess I'll go.

## THE NATIVE MARKET.

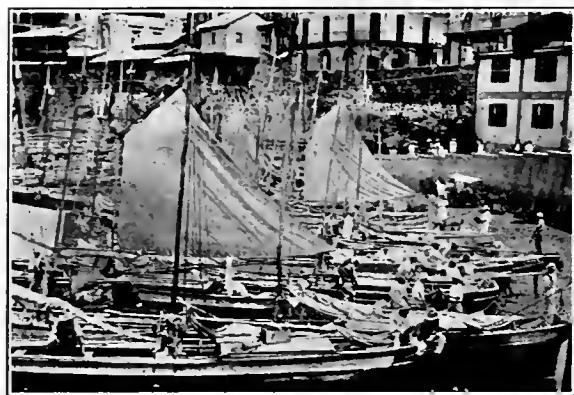
*Frances Gray, '25.*

I think the best time to see the native market is at about 6:30 in the morning when the stalls and tables are piled high with fresh cut fruits and vegetables, and the still dripping beeves are first hung upon their hooks.

On the right of the Bolivar Street entrance is a stall kept by a wrinkled old Chinaman whose

trembling claw-like hands deal out to each customer his exact portion of potatoes, dried beans, or queer dried fruits that only the yellow men buy.

Next on the left are the long stone tables above which the fresh-killed carcasses of beeves, hogs, sheep, and an occasional conejo or deer are hung. To me this is the only unsavory part of the market because I see, as I go by, dirty, fleabitten, mangy dogs crouching under the table, watching hungrily for a scrap of meat or bit of bone.



Boats beached at low tide in Panama City. To these come purchasers for the cocoanuts, pineapples, etc., which they contain.

Beyond the meat stalls are the long tables bearing their burden of fresh caught fish, and, if one can stand the odor, these tables are not uninteresting. The table from which I usually buy is ruled over by a husky negro woman who weighs her gleaming wares in a rusty scale pan and flings a continual stream of banter at the passing throngs.

On toward the center of the market, beyond the ancient Chinaman, sits an old Martinique woman selling eggs. She never, so far as I have found out, speaks an unnecessary word. Above her table there is a sign, "Eggs, 60 cents per doz." and if one should unwittingly ask the price of her wares she merely points to the printed words, and waits, and waits, with an air of the greatest unconcern, for you to buy or leave.

Taking up the greater part of the market are the vegetable stalls, some presided over by negroes, and some by the Chinese. The long wooden tables are piled high with their golden yellow melons, thin bunches of native beans, tied with bits of dried grass, their crisp native lettuce which is so much sweeter than the head lettuce from the States, the gnarled brown yams, the prickly

green cho-cho, tiny sweet native tomatoes, long black or yellow plantains, bunches of tiny luscious apple bananas, big green or purple "alligator pears," round red oranges, Costa Rican oranges that are nearly all juice, big green papaya, cocoanuts, mangoes, mamey apples, and round trays of pungent ginger root. The Chinese stalls are perhaps the most interesting. All their vegetables are tied in neat little bunches or piled in neat little piles. These stalls also have many roots and bulbs that are peculiar to them. The real characteristic of these stalls is, however, their cleanliness. All the stalls in the market are clean, as a matter of fact, but these seem particularly spotless and neat. There is one old Chinese woman who always wears the native costume, consisting of loose trousers and a long jacket. She is always extremely polite though never voluble.

Another woman, a negress, is always adorned with a pair of large gold hoop earrings and a long necklace of coral, which is wound many times about her fat neck. Each morning she regales me with stories of her children and, though I have not been able to find out the exact size of her family, judging from the stories she tells, it must be a large one. She told me the other day that her first husband had been struck by an automobile and crippled; so she made her second husband support him. I suppose that is one way of overcoming a difficulty.

At a stall a little distance from my voluble friend there sits an old white-headed negro who can out-swear anyone I ever heard. A young negress helps him sell his wares, and the first time I passed by and heard him giving her directions it took my breath away. The funny part is that he is not ugly or malignant in his profanity but speaks in a most pleasant tone. As I have never had the courage to buy anything from him, I don't know whether he swears at his customers or not, but his face and voice are so mild, one really could not resent it if he did.

In a little group, surrounded by the vegetable stalls, are tables and racks bearing goods, laces, buttons, pins, shoes, stockings of many lurid hues, and other miscellaneous dry goods articles. For a touch of local "color" one need look no farther than these few stalls.

There is one thing about this market that always surprises new comers, and that is its

cleanliness. The wooden vegetable tables are scrubbed until they are white. The stone tables bearing the meat and fish are spotless, and there isn't a fly or a bug to be seen. I think one usually associates dirt and filth with a native market in a tropic town, but this one is an exception.

### THE ICEBERG SNOWBALL SHOP.

*H. E. May, '23.*

"Hey, Joe! Gimme a couple snowballs." The rush order is given by one of Joe's regular customers, who is most likely a high school student who has just scornfully refused some delicacy on his mother's lunch table.

Joe is the sole proprietor, chief mixer, and only employee of the Iceberg Snowball Company, which is situated in a part of a small, dirty room on Bolivar Street. I say part of a room, because the whole is a three-in-one affair. Besides Joe's manufactory there is a fruit and vegetable counter and a supposed-to-be bakery counter. No doubt Joe's eating, sleeping, and living quarters are in the same room behind the screen which can be seen just to the rear of the retail sections. And I say dirty, because I am sure that no part of the room has ever felt the charms of a little soap and water.

Joe, who has been sitting in his chair on the sidewalk in front of his place of business lazily absorbing all the rays of the sunlight that came his way, now assumes an air of business and quickly gets behind the counter, which is nothing more than a high box over which is nailed an old piece of sheet iron that he has picked up somewhere. He opens the door of a very aged ice-box, that sits in the corner, and takes out a rather large piece of ice. He then takes his ice shaver and sets to work shaving some ice off the chunk. After he has the right amount, he opens the top of the shaver and lets the shaved ice fall into an old tin cup, which bears as many service marks as does the ice-box. In a very "soda-jerky" way he fingers the bottles of flavoring, some of which are small and some large, some of which are old vinegar bottles and some, ancient whiskey bottles, while he asks the boy what flavor he desires. The customer tells him and also reminds Joe to be sure to give him his money's worth. Joe then takes the right bottle from the shelf and pours in the prescribed amount of flavor. From the box of drinking cups on the

shelf, beside which is a bottle of Scott's Emulsion and an old alarm clock, Joe takes a drinking cup and allows the cake of flavored shaved ice to fall into it.

As soon as he has repeated the operation, Joe hands the boy both snowballs, for which the customer lays one nickel on the counter.

Joe watches the boy as he turns the corner up the street and notices that he has already finished one and is rapidly indulging in the other.

### ALONG SHORE.

*Mattie Pullig, '23.*

The afternoon sun beams balefully; it is intolerably hot. The water lazily laps, laps a parched shore. The miniature harbor is full of tired-looking much bedraggled sail-boats, with their sails furled like the wings of weary birds. Their owners must think it too warm to fish. The skeleton-like frames of half-constructed boats loom up in several places. Beneath the sides of one especially large one, is the tiniest of houses, very little larger than a good-sized packing box. In fact this little home is built from boxes for, adorning one side is the slogan, "Gold Dust—Let it do your work."

Stretched to dry, on poles at the left are huge well-worn fish-nets, stiff with salt water, their water-and-sun-bleached wooden "sinkers" gleaming in the glare.

In the little shade cast by a bamboo tree sit some negroes—two very drowsily playing checkers, and a group of others more drowsily watching.



A Fishermen's Rendezvous.—A Corner of Limon Bay in the Caribbean.

On a concrete block jutting out into the water sits a colored workman industriously washing his feet. Beneath the side of a newly painted boat, a son of Jamaica, stretched full length, is taking a warm, but seemingly enjoyable siesta.

To the right of this fishers' rendezvous is the concrete foundation of a ruined house, over-grown with weeds and crimson dotted hibiscus bushes. Everything is very dry and warm, and my eyes are tired, so I look afar out at the glimmering blue water, and wish for a stray breeze to come and blow away the little heat waves that rise from everything.

#### A FURNITURE STORE ON BOLIVAR.

*Louise Hunter, '23.*

The store has no sign by which the owner proclaims his trade to his own little Bolivar world. Perhaps he thinks the old, rusty bed-spring hanging on the post in front, which looks as if it had spent a long, wandering life traveling from one dwelling place to another, is a sufficient advertisement. The store has two entrances, between which is a low, cement step on which repose a mangy, skinny, yellow and white cat, industriously and vainly attempting to clean itself, and several chairs minus necessary parts. At the left entrance a huge platform, set about six feet above the floor, piled high with legless chairs, chairless legs, old trunks, a water-cooler of uncertain hue, drawerless bureaus, bureauless drawers, and various other indescribable odds and ends of furniture, threatens to fall on some unfortunate at the slightest provocation. Tacked to the platform, on a blue board in straggling, uncertain, irregular letters is the motto,

"We do what we say,  
And mean what we do."

At the back is an opening, small and low, through which a weary ray of light, lost in the maze of furniture, pierces the dark interior and lights up with startling distinctness several white bedposts and a rusty tin tub. To the left is a carpenter's bench equipped with all manner of tools. Two negroes oblivious to all outside influence, playing an interminable game of checkers on a dirty checker board, occupy the only cleared space.

At the right entrance, a high green fence with a once white top bearing the sign "Oficina," encloses what is evidently the "Oficina," containing an ancient roll-top desk on which are some equally ancient eggs and a telephone.

On the floor rests the overflow of the platform. On the walls hang some dull-gilt picture frames,

and some colorless sacred pictures. The entire store is covered with several inches of its own special brand of Panamanian dust.

#### A COBBLER'S SHOP.

*Ernst Euphrat, '23.*

On the outside above the door, hangs a small, poorly-printed sign proclaiming, "Se compone calsado."

Within, a ten-foot room embraces the cobbler's living quarters and business establishment. It is divided into two parts by a flimsy partition with a doorway at one end. The floor of the shop is littered with bits of leather and broken tacks. The walls are covered with paper, yellow with age. The long brown stains proclaim the incompetency of the walls to keep out the hard rains.

The cobbler sits near the door before a battered table about three feet high, on which lie a sharp knife, a little larger than a good-sized pocket-knife, a box of tacks, a spool of thread, and a litter of other small miscellaneous objects. With sharp, staccato raps he tacks a red leather sole on a shoe gripped tightly between his knees.

#### JOHN'S.

*Gerald Bliss, Jr., '23.*

Just behind the school house and not more than four hundred yards away, is the "Chink" shop, where most of the children get their appetite-spoilers, in the form of gum-drops, candy balls, or some other kind of edible sweet.

From the outside it resembles a cottage of olden days, set squarely upon the ground. Old wooden boards, poorly painted, make up the framework, while tin roofing provides the protection from the sun and rain. A sign outside just over the door written in Chinese, bears the name of the proprietor, although to us it means nothing. Inside we find counters which extend halfway around, while the other half of the store is taken up with barrels and other surplus which can not be put in the sleeping quarters, that are in the rear of the shack. Upon the shelves are to be found as cosmopolitan a mixture as is to be found in a pawnshop. But the wares here are almost all in the line of foods of one kind or another, except for a few of the necessary utilities without which no colored family tries to get along. Principal

among these are threads of various colors, buttons of as many hues, tops, cigarettes, thimbles, crochet hooks, rubber balls, and sundry other articles of no seeming importance.

Somewhere in the vicinity, we usually see the "Chink," whom all of us have learned to call John. He ever has his watchful eye open to see that we take nothing that has not been duly paid for. Farther inside, we hear the sounds of his joyous family consisting of two children between the ages of eight and ten, a larger boy of perhaps eighteen, and a wife. Besides these immediate members of the family there are a cat and six or eight kittens, and a canary. All of them help in the general running of the store, either as salesmen when John is not there, or by playing on the counter, or singing in twittering tones.

#### A FRUIT STAND.

*Emogene Nash, '23.*

As I was strolling through Colon on one of those rare balmy evenings which come during the dry season, my attention was attracted by a fruit stand. Its whole make-up—from its owner to its slightest detail—was very picturesque.

There was dumped on the sidewalk an assortment of fruits, such as bananas, papayas, and pineapples which were very green and which, I imagine, had just been delivered a little while before. At the front in the numerous bins were many native fruits, including oranges, greenish-yellow limes, brownish-green pineapples, purplish-brown alligator pears, banana-colored plantains, reddish-yellow mangoes, and round, light-green native watermelons, also American fruits, such as pears, apples, oranges, lemons, grapes, and even a few peaches and plums. On the floor beside and behind the fruit bins could be seen melon-shaped papayas and fat brown cocoanuts which are always in season. Suspended from the ceiling above the bins were strings and cords of all lengths on which dangled "States" fruits to attract the attention of Americans who might pass.

Hanging rather low on the side walls were many bunches of overripe bananas. Above these were hung many bird cages, baskets, and pictures of every size, shape, and color imaginable.

In the center back were two tables which didn't look as if they had ever been used to serve anything. On these tables and on the floor close by

were many old papers and magazines which were used to wrap the fruit for the customers. The back wall was dark colored and had it not been for the highly colored pictures hung on the wall—pictures which most likely came from some little New York junk shop—one couldn't have told just how far back the room extended.

There were no windows and the only door that I could see was the wide one by which I had entered. I must mention here that it was not until I turned to leave that I spied under the fruit bins a pile of overripe, rotten fruit on which a family of cockroaches was greedily feasting.

As I came out of the door I noticed the proprietor looking as one would expect the proprietors of such an establishment to look. He was engaged in wiping and polishing his fruit with a rag of very questionable hue. I decided that I didn't care for any fruit, and continued on my way to the boat.

#### A WINDOW.

*Henry Moore, '23.*

Such a litter of things—silk shirts, cuff buttons, beads, pins, medallions, and trinkets of all sorts: hanging from above, kimonos and shawls of all colors and styles, some expensive, and some cheap, some ancient, others antique, and still others modern: below, Egyptian vases, silks from the Orient, and Panama hats—all crowded into one small window without any seeming idea as to arrangement:—such is the window of the Hindu shop.

#### CHINESE GARDENER.

*Louise Henter, '23.*

Each morning sees him patter up the street,  
His tiny figure, shriveled, old, bowed down  
By weight of two huge baskets, too replete  
With vegetables—lettuce, parsley, kale.

A huge, round, battered Chinese hat protects  
His head. He wears a ragged, blue-gray shirt,  
And baggy khaki pants adorned with flecks  
Of dry red clay. His bare feet show much dirt.

He stops outside. His merry whistle blows.  
His cry is heard, "Cluclumbers, lady, clorn,  
Kale, lettuce, carrots, sling beans." On he goes;  
When you have borne enough, you buy. "Sank you."



## EARLY LIFE IN PANAMA.

(Purely Imaginative Stories based on Early Incidents.)



## A CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

*Mattie Pullig, '23.*

"Ah, pobrecita, pobrecita"—Señora Cortez placed a fat comforting arm about Carmencita's quivering shoulders.

"Madre de Dios! Mi Juan." Carmencita's wild cries rent the air. She had been sobbing for many, many hours already. Her poor eyes were swollen from weeping.

Her Juan had been brought home on a blood-stained stretcher—broken, mangled—the warm life crushed out of him. When she had ceased laughing and crying, they explained. There had been more trouble with Cucuracha (the name was painfully familiar in those days, especially to the great snow-haired engineer). The great pressure on the side of the Cut had forced much mud and dirt up in the middle of the Canal, tracks were torn up, and steam shovels, engines and rock cars had been overturned. Yes, it had all happened so quickly, they had seen great clods of red-gold dirt roll and tumble—and then had come the upheaval.

Ah yes, Carmencita had seen Gold Hill, hadn't she? Yes, she had seen it when she and Juan and the baby had gone to Panama to last year's carnival. The train had gone around the curve about sunset and the hill had looked like a great lump of pure gold!

What? Oh! A steam shovel had ended Juan's life.

With this excited explanation the men trooped out. When they reached the door-step one began to whistle, "O Sole Mio." It was sad, but death was no new thing to these hard-working, sunburned men. Every day some one was crushed or killed in some way. Sometimes they were taken on flat cars to the hospital or morgue—and very often the flat cars were well-loaded with broken bodies. They remembered the time that, by some mistake, one great deposit of dynamite had gone off before the stated time, and so many were killed. One of the men looked ruefully at his empty sleeve—Ah yes, he remembered well.

The man next to him on the flat car had died before they reached the hospital. He could hear his cries still.

"Ah si, pobre Juan, pobre Carmencita."

Carmencita couldn't return to Spain; she hadn't the money; the best she could do was to remain in Gorgona, in her little house out on the banks of the river. Juan had industriously made a small garden, so Carmencita didn't suffer for want of food. The neighbors were kind, but the little widow grew paler and paler, thinner and thinner. Her eyes grew dull, her hands trembled, and she was most absent-minded. Señora Cortez came in one day and found her holding "Chichi" upside-down. The poor baby was crying feebly and when Señora Cortez took the child she found it burning with fever. All that night the doctor from Bas Obispo sat beside the still feverish little baby while Carmencita looked dazedly on and watched "Chichi" draw a last faint breath and die. They placed "Chichi" in a small white box and put her beside her father on the hill, close to the military burying ground.

Carmencita shed no tears, she only grew more dazed, her hands trembled more, and she seldom spoke. Ah! how she longed to die! Why must she live on, and on, and on, to suffer? If she only dared to take matters into her own hands, and end it all, so she might be placed to rest beside the two loves of her heart! But Carmencita was a staunch Catholic, and the fear of losing God's love was strong in her heart. She wanted to die, but to take one's own life was a great sin; so she must wait.

This little Spanish widow thought herself beyond any greater grief. She believed she was numb to any greater pain, but on learning that she must leave her home, her only possession, she found that she was mistaken. The news came through her nearest neighbor. While Carmencita had been fighting insanity, the great engineer had been fighting Cucuracha, and had finally, with the help of many men, conquered it. In two weeks the dike that held back the water of the Chagres was to be dynamited, the water stored in Gatun

Lake to be unleashed, and all the houses on the banks would be covered.

Several days after the rumor, a circular letter was placed on the bulletin board in front of the Commissary, stating that all the people must move at once.

Carmencita now saw her way clear. True, she had not the courage yet, but she could wait, yes, she would wait.

Señora Cortez had kept a protecting "wing" over the demented widow, so when the news came that they must move, she took her to her big warm heart and begged her to stay with them, in a tent far from the path of the waters.

Finally came the day set for the destroying of the dike. The electric wires that were used to cause the explosion were in some way connected with Washington and it was in the Capital that the button that caused the explosion was placed. This thing that was to happen seemed the sign of completion, for the water was to be turned in for the first time.

There were crowds of people, tourists, Canal Zone employees, women and children, photographers—almost everybody on the Zone was there to witness it. Carmencita's friends had finally persuaded her to go with them, and when they reached Gamboa, she insisted that they climb the hill by the tracks to gain a better view. From there she could see her deserted little gray house, but she didn't feel any pain—perhaps watching the water close in about it would give her the needed courage to end it all.

The time for the explosion had been set, and about fifteen minutes before that time all the engines and steam shovels within a mile set up a great clamor of whistles and bells, to give warning to the workmen on the dike.

Suddenly there was a great rumbling roar, and all eyes were turned toward the dike. The mud, dirt, rocks, and water rose almost a hundred feet into the air and the water swirled through the opening. Carmencita's eyes were on the little gray house where the long fingers of water reached, reached, and covered it. "Ah, mañana, mañana," thought Carmencita.

As the party started down the hill, Señora Cortez was first, with Carmencita following, then Señor Cortez and the rest of the people. As they reached a particularly steep rocky part of the hill, Señor Cortez's warning was hardly out of

his mouth before his foot dislodged a big rock. The rock crashed the short distance between Señor Cortez and Carmencita and struck her a heavy blow on the head. She was knocked senseless, and, much to the horror of her friends, rolled the rest of the way down the hill. When they reached her at last, it seemed that she hardly breathed. They took her to the only house in the place, and laid her tired body on a little white bed, and a few minutes later she died. The doctor that was called in said there was nothing that could have been done; her skull was fractured and, had she lived, she would have been an invalid.

Señora Cortez, amid much weeping, found time to ask in wonder why Carmencita's last words had been, "Gracias a Dios."

#### AN INCIDENT.

*H. E. May, '23.*

"Hello, Jim, aren't you working today?" asked John Carter as he joined his friend, Jim Martin, for the morning stroll down to the railroad track, whence the labor train departed with its load of "ditch diggers," who were employed up in the cut at Culebra.

"No, Carter, I was up on the hill when that premature charge let go and I got bunged up a bit. My arm is pretty badly injured so I'll have to 'lay off' for a couple of weeks."

"I didn't hear anything about it. Was any one else hurt?" queried Carter.

"They put some double charges under that ledge on the hill yesterday and intended to set them off at lunch time. I was working on 77 just to the left of the ledge. About eleven o'clock I heard one of the caps and knowing what was about to happen, I jumped into the bucket of my shovel. I didn't get into it any too soon, for I think the whole hill must have come down past me in less time than I could think of it. Some of the pieces of rock went four and five hundred yards away; that's what got me, the flying stones. Some of the poor niggers were horribly mangled. George Kemper and I were the only white men injured; I guess George is all right now. I don't want any more calls like that; it was my tenth experience with prematures."

"Well, in my little sojourn of three years down here neither the malaria bugs nor the prematures have got me," said John, cheerfully. "I suppose

that you know this is my last day. Believe me, won't I be glad to see Mary and my two little girls? I sail day after to-morrow afternoon."

"I didn't know that and I'm certainly sorry to hear it," said Jim, rather surprised. "When did you decide to return to the States?"

"I get so homesick for them that I can hardly stand it. And what's the use of my being down here alone when I have one of the coziest little homes in the world back in Indiana? I wouldn't bring the family down on account of the bad living conditions. My living here with the malaria and yellow fever bugs is bad enough without making the family undergo it."

"It is a rotten place to bring women folk. I hardly see how some of the men stand it as well as they seem to. I know that I wouldn't bring any family of mine down here, that is, if I had one," laughed Jim, as the two approached the labor train, which was on the side track awaiting its usual load,—a load which was often decreased by such accidents as had occurred the day before. But it seemed that there were always more to fill the places of the absent ones. There had to be, for such an undertaking as the Panama Canal could not be hindered by a single accident.

Carter's friendship with Jim had been very intimate and he rather hated to say, "Well, I suppose that I had better say goodbye, because I may not get a chance to see you again. I hope your arm comes along all right and that you are even luckier in the future than you have been in the past."

"I think I'll be down on the job about quitting time, so I'll be sure to look you up," said Jim as Carter climbed aboard the train.

The bouncing and jogging of the car in which Carter rode did not disturb him, because he was thinking of the cozy little Indiana home and all its comforts, his wife, Mary, and her loving ways, and the two little girls, Frances, seven years old and Jane, five years of age. He pictured the homecoming and how he would take them in his arms and love them all. He said to himself, "Only two more weeks and I shall see them. It hardly seems possible." He then thought of the big yard, with all the mammoth shade trees, where he used to romp with Frances and Jane. And the food that Mary cooked came into his mind and he made a silent resolution never to leave again once he should get home. He could picture how

Mary, Frances, and Jane, would be waiting at the front gate for him on the day of his expected arrival and how he would come up, throw his baggage down, and take each one into his arms and give her the loving of her life.

A sudden lurch of the train announced its arrival at the bottom of Gold Hill. As Carter went to his machine, he sang, for happiness was his.

As he sat on his shovel that afternoon—the afternoon which was to mark the end of his canal service—he noticed that everything seemed to assume an unusually cheerful appearance. From behind a few fleecy clouds the sun shone on Gold Hill, making it appear like a huge nugget with countless numbers of seemingly miniature men struggling apparently in vain to level its mighty bulk. It had rained in the morning and the grass was of the brightest green while to the left in the patch of level country beside the hill stood Carter's favorite ponciana tree, its leaves a burning hue. From his towering post on the hill just opposite Gold Hill he could see the men hurrying about to fulfill whatever task might be theirs. At frequent intervals a train pulled out with its load of dirt for the fill and the loaders rushed to another quarter to help fill another. There were many white men to boss the colored workmen and occasional small groups of engineers who were overseeing the work. Somehow he hated to think of leaving because he had become so accustomed to it; he seemed almost a part of it. But then he thought, "Only two more weeks, old man, and you'll be the happiest person on earth."

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Just ten minutes before quitting time Jim Martin got off the train from Gorgona. Over to the right he saw the men at the tool supply houses checking in the tools that had been used farther up the cut during the day. When he turned to the left, he saw the men hurrying about, most of them coming from the tool sheds with picks and shovels and going toward the hill across from Gold Hill. Wondering what it all meant, he approached a small group of men and asked what was wrong.

One of them spoke up hurriedly, "That ledge above 426 came down and took the whole works with it!"

"Good Lord, don't tell me that was Carter's shovel," he answered with anxiety.

"Yes, Carter was crushed to death; they got him. They're digging for the rest now."

Martin spoke with difficulty, "Why didn't it get me yesterday instead of Carter to-day? Only a few minutes before his time would have been up and he had to go. What will his poor wife do; think of the little girls that will be waiting at the front gate in a couple of weeks, for a daddy who will never come." But Carter was only one of those who gave their lives for a worthy cause.

The work could not stop; another came to take the place of him whose life had been crushed out so suddenly. The men there soon forgot—though the little family in Indiana never forgot.

#### EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

*Gerald Bliss, Jr., '23.*

*April 10, 1906.*—The *Colon* docked at pier 2 this afternoon after a somewhat tranquil voyage down the Atlantic. But the dock—a poorly constructed wooden affair—and the hotness of the noon sun did not give a favorable impression of Colon. A short walk to the station revealed Front Street to be composed of many wooden shacks built on the edge of a rut-infested road. In every door, we saw pigs, brown children, or scrawny ill-fed chickens. The station proved to be a dingy affair. It was nothing more than a shelter from the hot sun and the drenching rains, which, we are told, make their debut about this time of the year.

The trip across was unexciting. A slow, puffing, noisy, and dirty engine served as our means of propulsion to our destination. The noises of the train were too much for Bud; so he screamed and yelled the whole way over. But everything ceases; and so after two hours of this treatment, we arrived at Pedro Miguel. What a place it is—four still incomplete houses, a rutted road or two, a station, and a Chinese shop. This constitutes the town, while in it lie lazily many individuals of nearly as many races, resting, or else practising their art of doing nothing.

I am one of six white women in the town, and Bud is the only baby, and but ten months old. The Canal, which is but in its embryo, is thirty feet long, ten feet wide, and has as its only inhabitant, an alligator of unknown age.

*June 25, 1906.*—Living here is quite different from living in the States. There is no cold storage at all. Butter comes in tins, as do the meats and other foods of that nature. The Chinese

stores—with bar and provision counter combined—provide us with a few fresh vegetables, but little else. For things other than these vegetables, it is necessary to go to Panama. Here, as in Colon, are streets which disgrace even the name road. They are alleys in width, and mountain ranges in roughness. There are a few coaches to haul you about, but it is worse riding in them and getting shaken up than it is to walk and step into a mud hole every few feet. As Panama is larger than Colon, it has more stores, and likewise, many more bars and "cantinas." Pay-day night always finds the latter filled with laborers, while the next day, if there is still a little money left in the household, the womenfolk invest in dishes, or other household requisites.

*February 11, 1907.*—Last week, two Spaniards took it upon themselves to become quarantine officers and so gained entrance to the houses. On leaving, they said they'd be back later to vaccinate those who needed it. They came all right! This morning about two o'clock, they entered many of the houses and stole everything they could get their hands on. Luckily, we were so poor that we didn't have anything worth stealing. But several of the others lost some valuable articles. Next time we will be more careful.

*May 23, 1907.*—There is but one sewing machine in this whole town. It is owned by the health officer, and, as he is very congenial, he is likewise quite lenient about letting people use it. Without it, Bud would have gone without many of the much-needed clothes for his vacation this year. The health conditions are still not what they ought to be. Every train headed for Colon takes a victim for Monkey Hill Cemetery. We never know when our turn will come, but we pray each night that it stays off forever.

*New Years, 1908.*—The day before Christmas, about fourteen ships left Colon Harbor and went down Porto Bello way to find shelter from the great storm that was then raging. Colon Harbor isn't excellent as a protection, and I would have done the same thing if I had been a captain of one of the ships. But, alas, one of those ships had our Christmas turkey on it, and so we had turkey for New Year's instead of Christmas.

*March 4, 1908.*—The leper colony at Miraflores is quite a religious group. And so Grandma goes down there every Sunday to lead the singing and reading of the Bible. There are about twenty

of the patients, and their disease is not contagious; so I don't think we will have to join them by compulsion. They surely are fond of Grandma, and often give her little presents, which are usually the things that they have learned to make while they have been confined there.

*April 5, 1908.*—There was a big rain last week; and so we haven't had any cold storage from Colon since then on account of the track's having sunk out of sight somewhere along the line; so we have had to resort to the "Chink" shops again. Word has just been received that the track is repaired, so we are in hopes of having a decent dinner, to-morrow.

*September 29, 1909.*—The first Chinese baby to be born in Pedro Miguel was born to-day. As Aunt Gladys helped quite considerably, the baby was named Gladys in her honor. Her last name is Leon. They held quite a celebration in the Chinese colony in honor of the birth of the first child in this section.

*March 24, 1911.*—Another of those all-night rains has completely covered a steam shovel and a train with dirt that slid down from the edge of the Canal. Lucky for the people down below that it was after quitting time, or there might have been a few casualties. Everything will be all right early to-morrow, though, for now that we have the facilities to combat slides, it takes very little time to overcome the damage done by them.

*October 10, 1913.*—The Canal opened to-day, and I must say that it was quite a spectacle. The dike at Gamboa was blown up at three o'clock by President Woodrow Wilson in his office at Washington. It was one grand blast, and threw dirt in every direction. The Canal is now a thousand feet wide, more or less, and about sixty-five feet deep, compared to its thirty-foot length and ten-foot width of 1906 at Pedro Miguel.

*February 15, 1922.*—The Chinese, as is usual every year, have held their Carnival. And what do you know! Gladys Leon, the first Chinese girl born in Pedro Miguel was their Queen. This old world surely does move! To think that but a few years ago she was a little baby in swaddling clothes, younger than my baby when I brought him down here!

## CONVINCED.

*Henry Moore, '23.*

When the United States bought the Canal Zone, it was with the understanding that they would reimburse all the native land owners for the land used. Now it so happened that on the ground where the Government wished to make Gatun Lake there lived many natives who had small gardens or banana groves. All these natives, except one, agreed to clear out, when they were offered a good price for their lands. This one old fellow lived apart from the rest. His hair was gray and his face wizened, and he walked with a stoop. How old he was nobody knew.

The agent for the Government increased the price offered, thinking that old Juan, as the native was called, was holding out for more money, but still the native refused. The Governor then sent an interpreter with the agent so that they might be sure that the native understood what they were offering him, but the native still refused, saying, "No quiero vender, no quiero vender."

The interpreter then asked him his reason for not selling and old Juan replied in a long stream of guttural Spanish, all to the effect that his father and grandfather had lived there before him, he had lived there all his life and intended to die there, also, that he did not have to sell if he did not wish. Here was a stumbling block indeed, for everything was ready and the day had been set when the water was to be turned into the valley, and now one man was likely to hold back the work. The agent and the interpreter tried every means imaginable in order to get the native to sell his land, but old Juan still refused. Finally, two days before the water was to be let in, the agent took some gold coins and offered them to the old native, thinking that the sight of gold might influence him, but to no avail, for the native shrugged his shoulders and mumbled the words which had come to be hated by the agent, "No quiero vender!"

The agent now lost his temper for the first time in all those trying days, and in a rage at the stubbornness of the old man stormed,— "Don't sell, hang you, and in two days *you will* die here. Inside of forty-eight hours the water will be here and then if you can't swim, you'll be drowned."

Old Juan was not easily aroused so he again said, "No lo creo; no es verdad; no quiero vender."

Taken back by the coolness of the old native, the agent went back to the office and there went into conference with the rest of the officials. They decided that everything possible had been done to make the native sell; so the work would proceed.

When the time came for the dam to be blown up and the water to be let in, the workmen, natives, officials, and sight-seers stood on the surrounding hills to watch the great engineering feat,—that is, all but old Juan. He, as usual, sat on his doorstep dozing. Suddenly he was awakened by a great shock which shook the earth for miles about. He jumped to his feet in a great fright, thinking that the world had come to an end. Then hearing a great cheer, he turned and looked northward and there, amidst a shower of earth, smoke, and rock, he saw a silver stream of water, sparkling in the sunlight, leap and rush forth, slowly filling the basin and then beginning to rise on either bank. Old Juan watched with great astonishment, as the water gradually came nearer and nearer; then the words of the agent

came slowly back to him. For a while he meditated without taking his eyes from the new lake which was crawling toward him, then, putting his hand to his head he burst forth, "Nombre de Dios; no es verdad; no es posible." But what he thought to be impossible had happened, for the water was slowly filling the basin and creeping up the banks. Old Juan watched spellbound. It seemed that he was unable to withdraw his gaze from the approaching water. Nearer and nearer it came and still old Juan watched, dazed but not convinced. Stubbornly he waited; higher and higher rose the water; ten feet; five feet; six inches, from his feet—and yet it rose. The water met his feet, then his ankles; it passed him and rose above his door-step, and still he stood there dazed. To the calf of his legs and then to his knees the water crept.

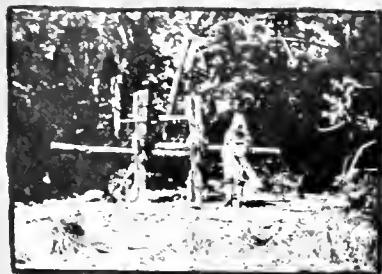
This was enough to convince the most stubborn man, and coming suddenly back to his senses, old Juan made for the hills with great haste, mumbling to himself, "Dios! Dios! Nombre de Dios! Es verdad; El mundo al revés."



Jungle Scenery.



Choko's Home



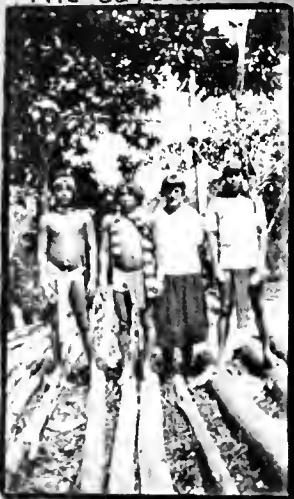
Sugar Press



Inza and her friends among the Chokos



The cayuca



Inza and some bobbed-haired braves



Native Perambulator



Irazu volcano in Costa Rica



Irazu's chimney and crater



## TWO TRIPS TAKEN FROM PANAMA. DOS VIAJES DE PANAMÁ.

### A VISIT TO THE CHOKOIS INDIANS.

*Inza Markham, '24.*

It was night, and the tropic moon rose slowly over the fortified islands which guard the Pacific entrance to the Canal, as our tiny craft, the *Augusta Victoria*, sturdily pushed her nose through the deep, dark waters.

It was a perfect night to start on our adventure. A million stars lighted the heavens. The ocean lay like a huge mirror all around us. Most of our party sat on the deck, some dreaming away the time, others singing the latest songs, but I lay on the hatchway watching the moonbeams play on the water, and wondering what the morrow would bring forth. For weeks I had looked forward to this trip to the Darien country. We were now on our way! There we were to visit a tribe of Indians known as the Chokois, who live up the Chico river, a branch of the Chucunaque, which is one of the largest rivers in Panama and empties into the Turyra. No white woman had ever set foot in this country; so was it any wonder I felt thrilled and excited?

Next morning we were up bright and early. We were now in the bay of San Miguel, which we found to be full of treacherous rocks and uncharted reefs. There, also, was a lonely, barren, grey, rocky island inhabited by thousands of pelicans who, when a shot was fired, rose like a great black cloud into the air. At eleven o'clock we entered Darien harbor with the U. S. wireless station on one side and the native village of La Palma on the other. Two hours up the river we released two carrier pigeons. Through the forethought of Captain Baird, Q. M. C., Fort Clayton, eight pairs of these birds had been brought along. These were released at different times during the trip and all reached Fort Clayton save these first two. One of these was discovered in the village of Chipegana; the other was no doubt disturbed by the hawks which infest the jungles.

On and on we traveled up the Turyra river, nothing breaking the summer silence save the

squawking of the parrots and the chattering of the monkeys. This river may be likened to the Mississippi with its tree stumps, mud banks, lowlands, sand bars, and thick overhanging vines. Where it was very narrow, we could, by straining our eyes, peer into the dark and forbidding jungle where nature had held solitary sway for ages, where live and flourish the deadly anopheles and stegomyia. Here and there a flowering lignum vitae tree towered above the jungle.

After a long and tiresome day we arrived at the village of Yavisa where all the natives flocked to the shore to meet us. Yavisa, like all native villages, consists of thatched-roofed houses, a church, and a school. But here we found the remains of an old Spanish stronghold, built, perhaps three hundred years ago, for protection against the Indians.

In the early hours of the next morning, long before the sun had begun to think about getting up, we were in native cayucos being poled up the Chucunaque river; then, up the Chico. These river cayucos are made by hollowing out a cedar or mahogany tree, and differ from the sailboat in that they have no keel and are flat-bottomed.

A heavy fog hung over the jungle, transforming the trees into tall grey ghosts. Occasionally we were given a shower bath as we brushed against the over-hanging foliage. Several times we were startled by a swish, swish, as a 'gator slid from the cool, slimy mud bank into the dirty yellow water. From the depths of the jungle came the piercing cry of a wild cat. High overhead the awakening birds were cheerfully twittering and trilling. Hours and hours we traveled up the river, sometimes almost blocked by great trees torn out in a recent flood, until at last we arrived at the village of the Chokois.

Two days before, I had left the Zone, the height of civilization and sanitation, with its hospitals, its airplanes, its forts, its warships, and all the facilities for safety and convenience. To-day I stood before people who had never before gazed upon a white woman. Their civilization is the

same to-day as it was in the days of the first of their race. Upon seeing us, they ran in all directions like frightened deer. But our interpreter was at last able to persuade them to come out by telling them that the great white doctor had come. My father had earned this title by carrying with him bandages, castor oil, pills, quinine, and potassium to kill the "little devils," as they termed the sores and fever which we found to be prevalent. As, one by one, they came from their hiding places, they were greatly attracted by my dress, for I wore far more than their whole wardrobe contained. The women wore a strip of bright-colored cloth tied around the waist and reaching to the knees, while the men wore still less. Both the men and women were short and dark with long, heavy, straight black hair.

Through our interpreter we learned many of their strange customs.

When an Indian is courting, he wears a gorgeous head band made of tiny beads, a gay metallic neckband, and enormous earrings. These earrings are huge affairs, the front button being about the size of a fifty-cent piece. From it hang tiny drops, making the whole about four inches long. The button is fastened to a stick about an inch long and the size of a pencil. This is run through the ear and held there by means of a string tied behind the head.

When an Indian goes to see the lady of his choice, he takes with him a handful of kernels of corn. These he carefully flings at her one by one. If she objects, he must seek another; but if she does not, he may go on with his wooing.

When a baby is born, it is rubbed all over with the juice of a berry. As this dries, it turns black so that before the child is many days old he is coal black. This, they say, is to prevent sunburn, a custom which seems queer to us, since they are already so dark.

If they wish to give the baby a bath, they take it out, pour water over it, and then shake it as one would shake a rug.

They have a novel way of carrying their children. The child is put on its mother's back to which it clings like a young monkey. Several yards of bright cloth are then wrapped around the mother and child, and tied into a knot. Thus the mother may go on with her work, always being able to keep track of her child.

We noticed that the male Indians had no hair

on their faces and, upon questioning our interpreter, we learned that they gather poisonous ants and crush them. This paste, when put on the face, kills the roots of the hair and so prevents its growth.

Their houses are made by driving four posts into the ground and making a floor about ten feet high. The floor is reached by means of a ladder made by chopping notches in a small tree. One corner of the floor is taken up by the stove. This is made of a layer of clay about six inches thick and three feet square. In the middle is a hole in which stones are put, and it is on these stones that the fire is built. After it has died down, the meal, which consists of bananas, yams, or wild game, is put on to cook. The roof of the house is made of palm leaves.



The native mode of burden carrying.

The jungles around their homes are alive with panthers, wildcats, wild hogs, lance heads, and boa constrictors. For killing these, they use the spear and the bow and arrow.

A part of their land is forbidden to all but the Chokois Indians.

It was in the middle of the afternoon when we embarked in our cayucos and started for Yavisa under a sun so blistering hot that we were forced to use banana leaves for sunshades, and it was at sunset that we rounded the bend and came in sight of our tiny craft.

Next morning we shoved off and started down the river toward home.

Our first stop was Real de St. Maria. Here we left the mail and waited until noon to get the high tide at La Palma. At six o'clock the skipper showed the clearance papers to the alcalde of La Palma and we proceeded out to sea.

When we woke up the next morning, we were anchored in the bay of San Miguel. At daylight we went ashore to look around. San Miguel is

like the rest of the native villages—thatched houses, a school, and the ruins of a once wonderful church. We were in San Miguel until noon. Then we started out on the last lap of our journey.

While passing between the islands, we ran into schools of thousands of mackerel feeding upon sardines. The sardines are driven near the surface where the pelican, who flies low over the

water, gets what remains of the poor sardine. Then we ran across schools of porpoise. In both cases we found that the pelican works with the larger fish.

That evening at five, we pulled in at the Marine landing—a tired but happy crowd, glad to get back to civilization.

### MIS VACACIONES.

Como había pensado ya hace tiempo, me decidí ir el verano pasado a pasar mis vacaciones en la vecina república de Costa Rica.

Al comienzo del mes de agosto me embarqué en el vapor *Ulua* de la compañía frutera de un muelle de Cristóbal. Que bella vista presentaba la ciudad de Colón cuando me alejé de sus playas! En la bahía todo fué perfecta calma pero después de salir del rompeolas, ya se notó el mar un poco más agitado y por consiguiente fueron quedando menos personas sobre cubierta.

Después de bastante horas de buen viaje, la mañana siguiente llegamos al Puerto Limón, el más importante puerto de Costa Rica en el Atlántico. Mientras arreglaban los asuntos relacionados con la aduana, visité su bello parque y otras cosas que pueden llamar la atención en ese lugar.

A las nueve y media tomé el tren que nos llevó a Cartago, lugar hacia el cual me dirigía. Durante esta larga travesía, pude entretenarme contemplando el Río Reventazón, que corre casi paralelo al tren, y las pintorescas fincas de naranjas, azúcar, cacao y café que se encuentran por su paso, y por las que este país tiene muchas entradas. La llegada á cada estación me permitió comprar dulces, frutas y otras cosas que me ofrecían los numerosos vendedores atentos a la llegada del tren, y a ver los tipos y costumbres propios de cada lugar.

A medida que el tren fué subiendo, fuí sintiendo el frío que producen las alturas. Siendo ya bastante de tarde llegué al simpático Cartago, y me parecía muy agradable la costumbre que tienen en ese lugar, de que tantas las damas como los caballeros tienden ir a recibir el tren. Esto me sorprendió, pero no me dejé de agradar ser tan amablemente recibida. A corta distancia vi el "Hotel Francés" muy concurrido por los visitantes del lugar, al cual me dirigí y en que fuí muy bien atendida.

Después de unos minutos de descanso salí a recorrer el sitio. Primero fuí al mercado, donde pude admirar la riqueza del suelo y la laborosidad de los habitantes. De ahí seguí al parque, que es muy concurrido a estas horas por las jóvenes colegiales. De ahí fuí a andorrear a los muchos almacenes. Durante los demás días que estuve en esa, visité a las iglesias. La de Los Angeles es la más notable, porque dicen que antiguamente una virgen se apareció y que en donde se apareció ahora han construido esa famosa iglesia. Cerca de aquí también hay un pozo milagroso en el cual, si uno se lava las partes enfermizas, se curarán. También fuí a caballo a visitar los alrededores, los cuales son muy progresivos en la agricultura. Por último fuí a Mt. Irazú, el famoso volcán de Costa Rica, al cual todo visitante al lugar debe de ir. Este volcán en 1911 causó un gran terremoto que destruyó la ciudad de Cartago, de tal manera que todos los alambres de electricidad, los tubos de agua y las casas fueron tumbados y destruidos, también muchas personas fueron heridas y muertas.

Una vez que conocí bastante esta población fuí á visitar á otros lugares, como San José, Heredia y Guadalupe. De todos estos sitios merece especial atención la capital, San José, por ser el lugar más poblado y el de más bellos edificios. Entre éstos está el Teatro National, uno de los mejores de América, y el Asilo de Chapui, que son llamados "las dos locuras" de Rafael Iglesias, quién fué un presidente que se preocupó mucho por el adelante y embellecimiento de su patria. Mi permanencia en la capital fué muy agradable por las muchas atenciones que me fueron prodigadas.

Después de tres meses de tan feliz paseo, regresé a Colón completamente satisfecha con mis buenos recuerdos de ese país y con más entusiasmo y energía para continuar mis tareas escolares.

## TIME.

Frances Gray, '25.

The other day I heard some talking about eternity, but he didn't seem to have a very clear idea of what eternity is. I didn't say anything, but I thought to myself that I had a pretty good conception of eternity. I think it can be quite accurately compared with the period between nine a. m. and four p. m. on any Monday between October and June, when you have spent the waking hours of the previous night reading the thrilling adventures of Jesse James, or Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." (One so often does that, don-chu-know.)

But to get down to our real subject, which is time. You know, time is a funny thing. You know Schopenhauer says that time is the only unchanging dimension. Now I have a great deal of respect for Schopenhauer, but I can't bring myself to believe everything that he says, and this statement about time is one of the things I don't believe. It seems to me that time is just about one of the most changeable dimensions that there is.

You always see time pictured as an old man, but along about one and five-eighths minutes of nine when I am leaving home to tread the seven or eleven blocks between me and the scene of my labors, namely, Cristobal High School, I see a vision of a winged Mercury fleeting past me with a scythe over his shoulder and I say to myself, "What fools men are!"

But that impression doesn't last long, because along about the first quarter of the first period in the morning I am forced to change my mind about Mr. Time all over again. I go to class all primed for a brilliant recitation, but after I have held my seat for about ten minutes, I discover that what I don't know holds about a three-fourths majority so I slide away down on the back of my neck, hoping that I'll be missed in the rush, and count the young eternities as they flutter by.

One place that time always makes me angry, though, is in social problems class, when I think of a great many things to say, and so does everyone else, and the first thing I know Mr. Time has stepped on the accelerator and gone speeding by before we are half through.

And did you ever get a geometry proposition that did not have any solution? That always makes me mad. Well, I usually get rash and challenge Time, and believe me, it is some race.

The worst thing to try to do though, is to crowd Time. I think he resents that more than any-

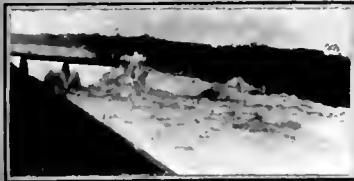
thing else. When you try to slip in three weeks where there ought to be only one day, there are usually complications. It is like trying to build a twelve-by-eight-inch-puzzle on a six-by-four-inch-table. I know. I've tried both. There are school, and golf, and tennis, and swimming, and basket ball, and—oh, I could go on naming innumerable things that ought to be done every day, if time weren't in such a hurry. The other day a teacher said to me, "You know, you would get really good marks if you would only put a little more time on your work," and a man said that I'd "play a corking good game of tennis" if I'd "only put in a little more time practicing," and some one else prophesied that I'd be a coming golf champion if I'd only work at my driving—"just take a little time off every day and work up a good drive." If time would only slow up at the right moment, for a while, (and if I were fool enough to believe every thing I hear), I'd be the forty-eleventh wonder of the world. Alas! It is a terrible thing for a budding genius to be so handicapped, but "Time waits for no man," so at least I don't need to feel that I am being particularly ill-treated.

But you know, when you come right down to brass tacks, there is no use contending with Time. I have had several years' experience now, and I've come to that conclusion. There is no use rushing Time. You can't beat him and you can't get around him. The only thing to do is to grab a-hold as he rushes by and hang on. Time isn't going to go your pace, so you'll have to go his, and let me tell you (confidentially, this is), you've got to have a pretty good grip when he gets going and you've got to have pretty good brakes when he decides that it is time to slow up.

## A TARPON.

Mattison Pullig, '23.

The smooth clear water flows so swiftly by—  
A solid shadowed sheet made dark by mat  
Of moss beneath. Then on the rocks which lie  
Below, it falls with rumbling roar. At that,  
It rests awhile, a mirror for the sky.  
In it I stand and patiently combat  
The heat of sun, and weariness. I ply  
The rod and try to lure the autocrat.  
I wait, and wait, and wait, and still I wait.  
Ah! Now a thrill, a tightening of the line!  
A tarpon leaps, a-sparkling in the sun;  
I play him—in and out—a "reel" debate;  
He struggles, gills wide-spread. The victory mine,  
I'm sad: the silver king with life is done.



ABOVE-\$9,000,000 GOLF LINKS-GATUN  
LEFT-BRIDGE ABOVE SPILLWAY  
RIGHT-SPILLWAY EIGHT GATES OPEN  
BELOW-HYDRO-ELECTRIC STATION



RIGHT-AIRPLANE VIEW  
NINE GATES OPEN



ABOVE-DASH OF OVERFLOW  
ON BRIDGE BELOW SPILLWAY



BELOW-BRIDGE AND APRON  
BELOW SPILLWAY



BELOW-FISHING BELOW  
APRON FOR TARPO





## DRAMATIC ATTEMPTS.



## AN INFERO—L DRAMA.

*Frances Gray, '25.**Characters:* The devil.

Cleopatra.

Julius Caesar.

Lucrezia Borgia.

Uncle Remus.

*Scene:* Hades. A shady corner of the Brimstone Country Club, overlooking the Styx. Cleopatra reclines languidly on the sizzling surface of a cast-iron divan, while Caesar lounges against the electrified barbed-wire rail, sipping with relish a tall glass of molten lead. Lucrezia stands with a phial of her favorite hemlock in her hand while she watches with interest the passage of Charon as he ferries a newcomer across the river.

*Caesar.* What see'st thou fair Lucrezia? Surely there is naught of interest at this hour.

*Lucrezia.* What mean'st thou, Caesar, naught of interest? A gentleman of color doth approach.

*Cleopatra.* A gentleman of color, say'st thou?

*Lucrezia.* But surely, one of your own country, perhaps some close of kin. (She laughs derisively.)

*Caesar.* No, no, sweet Lucrezia. Thou know'st our fair companion has naught of color to her.

*Cleopatra.* Heed her not, my Caesar. 'Tis naught but the jealousy that doth possess her. If 'twere not for the circumstances, I should probably have felt the biting of her hemlock ere now. (A commotion is heard outside, and presently around the corner of the porch appears Uncle Remus.)

*Uncle Remus.* (Gazing wide-eyed on the ancient and somewhat scanty costumes of the two women and Caesar.) De Lawd hab mercy on mah soul! Where is I at?

*Caesar.* (Advancing) Welcome to our city and our club. What name didst thou bear upon the earth? Come, speak up, man! Stand not so, and gape like some raw lad.

*Uncle Remus.* Mah—mah name is Uncle Remus suh, but—but—ah reckon ah must a dropped into de wrong place.

*Caesar.* Wrong place, go to! This is the only place into which thou canst drop; so be assured. Come, let me present thee to the ladies. This is Queen Cleopatra, fairest and most beautiful of all women. (Cleopatra languidly raises one white hand which Uncle Remus gingerly touches and drops like a hot pancake.) And this is the far-famed Lucrezia Borgia, whose deadly hemlock has gnawed the vitals of more than one unfaithful love. (Lucrezia nods her head with a sardonic smile, and Uncle Remus chokes and swallows but utters not a word.)

*Cleopatra.* But sit thee here beside me, and tell me of the things upon the earth. I envy not those struggling mortals, who climb and crawl and grovel in the dirt, all for a few paltry coins or the favor of the fickle goddess Fame. Come! Speak, man.

*Uncle Remus.* (Sitting gingerly on a glowing chair.) Lawd, Missus, it's hard times on de earf right now. Dey aint enuf coal to keep the pore folks warm, and deys all mighty nigh to freezing to death. De cotton crop don fail las' year, an' a blight come along and tuk away de cawn. Atween de freezin' an' de starvin' dey aint been much laughin' an' a nigger caint git no whar widout laughin'.

*Cleopatra.* Why it reminds one of the locusts in Egypt. I had thought the modern civilization had overcome such things.

*Uncle Remus.* Lawd, Honey, modern civilization aint overcome nothin'. It's just made more things what needs to be overcome. (Turning to Caesar.) But tell me, man, who is you, and how comes you here?

*Caesar.* (Pompously and with much chest.) Why, man, I am Julius Caesar. You see before you the "Ruins of the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times". After thrice refusing a crown in the mighty city of Rome, I came here to escape the toils of the selfish world.

*Uncle Remus.* You refused a crown, you say? Lawd, if dat don't put me in mine' ob de time 'at Brer Lion got tired ob his crown an' 'fuse to wear it. Shucks though, there's always plenty ob folks 'ats willin' to wear it even second han'. Brer Rabbit he step right up an' offered to do de kingin' for a-while an' Brer Lion han' it ober to him an' went off fishin'. Dem was de days 'fore man had 'gun to do de kingin', but man done gone along jes de same as de animals used to. I reckon dey aint so berry much difference ater all.

*Lucrezia.* You know, my lord Caesar, methinks we have a second Socrates among us.

*Cleopatra.* But true, fair Lucrezia. "Twould be most amusing to hear the two discourse together.

*Caesar.* But so! We must arrange a meeting be—— What in Hades is this? Oh! The devil! If thou canst excuse me, ladies, methinks I will retire from the scene.

*Cleopatra.* Nay Caesar, it is that we all must be excused, for I have no more stomach for this company than thou hast.

*Lucrezia.* Nor I. Fare-thee-well, Uncle Remus.

*Cleopatra and Caesar.* (Ironically). Aye, fare-thee-well! (Exit Caesar, Cleopatra, and Lucrezia. Uncle Remus stands dumbfounded staring after them. Enter the devil behind).

*Devil.* Ho! Ho! What have we here? A newcomer methinks. Speak, shade. Who art thou?

*Uncle Remus.* Ah's Uncle Remus, suh, an' who may you be?

*Devil.* Who may I be? Ho! Ho! Ho! Why I'm the lord and master of this kingdom. I'm the Devil.

*Uncle Remus.* De devil you is! Why man, whar is yo' horns an' yo' tail? I ain't neber befo' see a devil wifout horns an' tail.

*Devil.* (With a snort). Horns and tail! What trash! That is nonsense to frighten the children. But come, have you dined?

*Uncle Remus.* Dine? How you talk "dine"?

*Devil.* Dined, eaten, partaken of food.

*Uncle Remus.* You mean has I et?

*Devil.* Precisely! Has you et?

*Uncle Remus.* Well no, suh, I ain't.

*Devil.* Come then with me. I would hear the news of earth, but not on an empty stomach. (Exit Uncle Remus and the devil.)

## THE BOOKLEgger

*Ernst Euphrat, '23.*

*Scene:*

The office of one of our generals of industry.

*Characters:*

Mr. Jones, said general.

Tony, an agent.

*Tony* (Entering office with bulging hip pocket). Good morning. I'm Tony Hotstuff. I was speaking to you over the phone this morning.

*Jones.* Oh yes! Glad to see you. Sit down.

*Tony* (Looking cautiously about). Rotten weather, ain't it? Everybody's got a cold or sumpin'. Nice place you got here. Well, ahem, Brown was sayin' you was interested in some good stuff. He buys everything he gets from me.

*Jones.* Yes, he spoke to me about it and showed me some stuff he got from you.

*Tony.* I've got an awful good line just now. Just got it in day before yesterday.

*Jones.* What have you got?

*Tony.* Well, I have sumpin' direct from Arthur Schnitzler.

*Jones.* I've tried his stuff and I didn't think much of it.

*Tony.* That's funny. It was supposed to be real genuine stuff.

*Jones.* Must of been diluted.

*Tony.* I don't handle nuthin' diluted if I can help it, Mr. Jones, but of course it's hard to tell what is real stuff and what ain't. Now here's a sample of some stuff I just got, Sherwood Anderson—came over the Canadian border.

*Jones* (gleefully). Sherwood Anderson!

*Tony.* Regular stuff too. I've sold a lot and ain't had no complaints.

*Jones.* How much?

*Tony.* Sh, I can let you have a case for \$180.

*Jones.* That's pretty steep. Got anything else?

*Tony.* Well, I got some Ben Hecht, and some D. H. Lawrence—it's all young stuff though—but plenty of kick in it.

*Jones.* Got any Balzac or Ibsen or——

*Tony.* Naw! Nobody can get any of that stuff any more. It ain't made no more.

*Jones.* Well, I don't think I'll order anything to-day. I'll call you up later.

*Tony.* All right, but you'd better put in your order in a coupla days. It's gettin' harder and harder to get good stuff through. *Curtain.*

MR. SHAKESPEARE VISITS GOPHER  
PRAIRIE.

*Louise Henter, '23.*

*Characters.* Mr. William Shakespeare

Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

Carol Kennicott.

Doctor Kennicott.

Mrs. Bogart.

*Place.* Gopher Prairie.

*Time.* Night.

(The rise of the curtain discloses Main Street. Most of its filth and sordidness is hidden by the darkness. A stiff, dirty-white, dead cat, with its blank, vacuous face toward the audience, lies stretched directly above the footlights. Enter Mr. Shakespeare followed by Sinclair Lewis.)

*Lewis.* This town represents any small town in this country.

*Shakespeare.* (Hunting hurriedly for his glasses.) "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank—"

*Lewis.* Moonlight? Bank? You're mistaken. It's the light from the lamp in Mrs. Bogart's kitchen shining on the ash pile in the yard!

*Shakespeare* (Who is slightly deaf). "Here we will sit—"

*Lewis* (Holding him back and kicking aside a rotten overripe banana which rolls across the stage and stops, propped tipsily against the side of the cat). Not much we won't, Willie! Not on boxes coming from Howland and Gould's Grocery. I made them and I know what they are. Why man, they're simply alive with—

(At this point a huge cockroach emerges from the box on which Mr. William Shakespeare is about to sit, and slowly waving his whiskers, walks sedately across the stage and disappears behind the wings.)

*Shakespeare* (Hunting frantically for his glasses). "And let the sound of music creep in our ears."

*Lewis* (Wiping his face with a dirty, stained pocket handkerchief). Oh, no we don't. If anything does any creeping it'll be I. Let's go, old man. I'm sick of hearing some phonograph grinding out "You—You tellem" or "Mr. Gallagher" or "Stum—"

*Shakespeare* (Who can not hear but believes in being pleasant). "In such a night as this—"

*Lewis.* Oh man! Quit the spouting. No one ever bothers about you any more. We're interested in realism, materialism. You should read

my books, for instance—Have you ever met Carol Kennicott? She's—

*Shakespeare* (Still hunting for glasses). "When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees—"

*Lewis* (Exasperated). Yes! Yes! We know the rest. (Imitating Shakespeare's tone) Mike the farm hand, methinks came a-sparking at Matilda Ann's. (Enthusiastically) But you must meet Mrs. Kennicott. She's a real character, that woman. Carol! Carol!

(Enter Carol, resignedly, dressed in silver sheath, carrying a dirty gray dishrag in one hand, in the other a treatise on village improvement. She is followed by a mangy, fleabitten, skinny dog that scratches industriously throughout the entire scene.)

*Carol.* Just another of those sordid, commonplace people he makes me meet. Called Shakespeare at that. If he only were *the* Shakespeare. He'd have understood me.

*Shakespeare.* Ah-Ah—

*Lewis.* And Mrs. Bogart! You'd like her. She's true to life. Why, she might even be your grandmother. Mrs. Bogart!!

(Mrs. Bogart, who has been waiting impatiently for him to call, oozes in. She sees Mr. Shakespeare and is oblivious to all else. She runs as fast as possible toward him and throws fat, damp, pudgy arms about his neck. She snickers.)

*Mrs. Bogart.* Mr. Shakespeare! Mr. William Shakespeare? How wonderful you should be called that. He wrote beautiful sermons. He—

*Carol.* Such vulgar demonstrations.

*Lewis.* I—I-say. You aren't supposed to act like that. I didn't make—

*Shakespeare* (Searching madly for his glasses). "I have a —"

*Mrs. Bogart.* I love you! I love you! Roses are red! Violets—

*Shakespeare* (Shouts). "I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love."

*Mrs. Bogart.* O-h-h-h! !! (Faints.)

(Doctor Kennicott enters and drags her out, assisted by Sinclair Lewis, who realizes you don't know a woman even if you've created her. Carol trails disgustedly after. The gray dishrag swings stiffly. Mr. Shakespeare finally finds his glasses. He looks around, sees the ash pile, the rotten banana, the dead cat, and—Main Street.)

*Shakespeare* (Leaving hastily). "A gentle ride—Draw the curtains. Go! (He disappears.)

## A SHRED OF YELLOW PAPER.

*Dorothy Abendroth, '25.*

Chong, quaint-eyed, lemon-checked, bizarre in orthodox raiment, shuffles through the gray silence of the dawning city. He drops something, a piece of paper, crumpled and yellow.

I pick it up. Under the bilious flare of the arc-light, sprawling, grotesque, Chinese letters confront me. What do they mean—these fantastic characters?

Perhaps they form a poem which Chong has written where the little purple dreams rise as incense to the Princess of the Poppy in the secret, squalid room above Lo Mie's grocery store. Perhaps this is what they mean:

"O Lotus Lady, light of the bamboo hut among the willow trees, Chong salutes you! The candles of the moon and stars flicker pale before the lantern of your beauty. All the great empresses of a thousand years, who have made men drunk and dead with love, stir enviously in their swathing of silk and of copper."

"O Lotus Lady, your willows drooping toward the shallows are sad, but I am sadder. Here in an alien land where the women are marble, not gold, where their hearts are ice, not fire, here where the stars are frightened from the sky by great glazed candles, I, your Chong, am so lonely!"

"O Lotus Lady, across wide deserts, across tall mountains, across the width of the sea on a sampan of dreams drawn by jade dragons, your Chong comes to greet you!"

Is this the poem that Chong has written in sprawling characters upon the crumpled sheet of faded, yellow paper? Or do the letters merely mean: "Six collars, three shirts, four handkerchiefs, and one pair of trousers?"

## A SOLILOQUY.

*William Cousins, '25.*

I am short, slender, and black, the pride of the Senior class. This is my second year with the Senior class, but I shall never be graduated, although they come for me when lessons are to be prepared. I have written sonnets, descriptions, allegories, and themes; yet the teachers think that the Seniors never have others do their work.

My history is short. I was born in Janesville, Wisconsin, in 1915 and from there I went to New York, arriving in 1920. Although only five years old I was full grown. I left New York on the *Advance* for the Canal Zone, reaching the Isthmus in January, 1921. One day while in the

Cristobal Commissary I met a Cristobal High School Freshman who invited me home. The next day he took me to school with him. While I was there that day, several ignorant Freshmen had me do their Spanish—this was my Waterloo, as I did not know the first thing about Spanish, or algebra either, as I soon found out when they had me attempt to solve an equation. This must have angered my friend, as that afternoon I was left on his desk, and I never saw him again.

Several days later as I was resting after a tussle with an English theme, a boy with a red nose, large freckles, and red hair sneaked up behind me and before I could even dodge, clutched me by the neck and dragged me out of the room and into the Senior sanctuary where I had to write a story for the Annual. (This is how I became a Senior.) This boy always kept me on his desk after this and I did no work for any one but Seniors for the rest of the year.

This year the Seniors do not prize me as dearly as did the ones of last year, and I am sorry to say I am sometimes forced to do Junior work—which is far below the dignity of a *Senior Pen*.

## GATUN LAKE.

*Emogene Nash, '23.*

Oh wondrous work of mighty men—  
Real men of brawn and brain,  
Who your deep jungle did not fear,  
Nor fever, nor tropic rain.  
Upon your bosom passes now  
The commerce of all nations;  
Where once the untamed Chagres raced,  
Work men in close relations;  
Where now majestic ships hold sway  
On rippling waters' face,  
There once roamed fierce wild animals  
Who here found hiding place;  
And now, like hoary monarchs gray,  
Your dead trees ghost-like stand—  
Their great, grim trunks, sole relics  
Of tropic jungle land.



Gatun Lake—The Dying Jungle.



## TRAGEDIES—LARGE AND SMALL.



## THE HOME-COMING.

*Frances Gray, '25.*

The dingy local pulled into the little station and discharged one passenger and a battered army locker. The passenger wore a faded khaki uniform, one leg of which was turned up and sewed at the knee. He leaned dispiritedly upon his crutches and surveyed the empty platform. He was a young chap, hardly more than a boy, but suffering and hardship had lined his face and turned to white the hair above his sunken temples. His eyes, that had been alight with a strange eagerness as he stepped off the train, now were dull, and his wasted body sagged between his crutches. Slowly he swung himself across the platform and stood in the doorway of the tiny office where an old, bald-headed man sat before a battered wooden desk. There was no light of recognition in the old man's face as he looked up, and the boy's lips began to tremble, while the bitter tears gathered in his eyes. "Don't you remember me, Jim?" he asked in a slightly husky voice.

The old man stared at him a minute and then his jaw dropped. "My Gosh, if it ain't little Willie Hunter! Why boy, we heard these two years back as how you was missin' an' your Maw died of the grief. Yor Paw done died sence then—folks says 'twas lonesomeness—an' yor Aunt, well she sold the ol' place an' went to Canady." The boy did not speak, but as he listened to the old man his face turned a ghastly white. Mother and Dad gone, the old place sold, and he a cripple! This, after four years of a German prison camp. Gone were the dreams of the glad home-coming, the "pies that mother made," the long quiet evenings by the hearth—no sound but the crackle of Dad's paper and the creak of Mother's rocker as she darned or mended—the dreams of quiet and rest, the dreams of peace. Gone were these dreams, the dreams that had kept life in him for four long harrowing years, swept aside by the words of one little old man.

Suddenly a flame of blind, unreasoning hatred flared up in the heart of the boy, hatred for this

old man who had sent his dreams crashing into oblivion, and, with a snarl in his throat, he lunged forward, his hands outstretched. But his crutches slipped from under him, and he fell in a heap upon the floor. For a moment he did not move, and then, throwing his head back, he burst into peals of ghastly, choking laughter—laughter that brought the bloody foam to his lips, and sent the salty tears coursing down the hollow cheeks. He laughed until exhaustion overcame him, and then, as he slipped further down beside the battered desk, his dull eyes softly closed, and an expression of quiet peace stole over his twisted face. As his sunken chest rose in the last breath of life his blood-flecked lips formed the prayer, "Mother, I'm coming. Don't fail me this time."

## LOST—ONE DIME.

*Mattie Pullig, '23*

Gee! It was a glorious shiny new dime. Dimes were very scarce in Bobby's young life, for his mother worked all day over a tub of warm soap-suds, to support the five small Murphys and the one big Murphy, and any dime, new or old, was always needed. But this was an unusual occurrence. Mrs. Curtis, that lived in the big white house on the hill, had given Mrs. Murphy *two extra dollars*, for laundering some especially dainty dresses.

Bobby's brown, bare feet beat a merry tattoo on the old board walk. He was going to buy a top—a beautiful red and green top, a gorgeous top, the one that he had watched and longed for for a month. Now he was going to get it!

Horrors! That new dime had slipped from his little, damp, dirty hand! It rolled and rolled and rolled. Bobby prayed, "Oh Lord don't let it roll into that big crack." But evidently that dime was possessed, for—plink!—it rolled sickeningly into the crack. Gone were his dime, his top, his dreams. Tears made little white trails down Bobby's cheeks, as he trudged a weary way home. The sunshine was gone from the sky, the birds from the trees—and his dime from his hand. The world was indeed dark and dreary.

FAITH.  
*Louise Henter, '23.*

Many people have attempted to solve the mystery of a small boy's mind,—attempted, and are still attempting though the small boys of four have become the small boys of ninety-four. Wise people, especially mothers, and some few fathers, have given up the search and have learned to take things as they come, trusting to God and their own luck to pull them through whatever difficulties may arise.

Kid Mike, christened by the "Hard Boiled Gang," nine-year-old veterans of numerous street fights, and skilled in "ditching" the cop, was no exception to the general rule, although no one had ever attempted to understand him. As far as he knew, he had never had any father or mother, and Big Pat Mahoney, who had picked him, grimy and ash-covered, out of an overflowing garbage can, in a moment of sobriety, used, as his only means of understanding, a long, black rawhide whip, a remnant of the glory of former days when he was employed in the very superior and much exalted position of garbage wagon driver.

No one had ever sympathized with Kid Mike. No one had ever even suspected him of having any loftier or softer sentiments than a love of fighting and an anything-is-right-if-you-can-get-away-with-it feeling,—that is, not until Mrs. Marsh, old and motherly, came into his life. She had come down to Fourteenth Street, bringing some delicacies for a former cook of hers, and had arrived just in time to meet Kid Mike issuing rather precipitately from the door, aided by the impetus given him by the square toe of Big Pat's huge and much worn shoe.

There was something compelling about Mrs. Marsh to which even Kid Mike, sullen and resentful, finally succumbed. She came several times after this and each time Kid Mike was on the lookout for her to escort her to and from her destination. Finally she came to know the big, secret desire of Kid Mike's life—a dog—all his own—to fight with him and for him. He didn't care what kind just so's it had enough legs to walk on and a tail to waggle—oh yes—just so it looked like a dog.

Mrs. Marsh understood. She thought of Spots at home. No one really wanted him or needed him now that the boys were grown. Christmas was only two days off. But Christmas meant

nothing to Kid Mike beyond an extra quart of beer for Big Pat; so Mrs. Marsh sat on the cold, dirty step of the crowded tenement and told him the story of the first Christmas and then of our modern Christmas, with its fat jolly Santa Claus, Christmas trees and presents. She promised to see that Santa Claus should bring him what he wanted but he must have faith in her and Santa Claus, and most of all in God, who made all things possible.

Two days of nerve-racking suspense followed. Christmas morning came noon—evening—and then night—and still no kind Mrs. Marsh. The next day it was the same, and the next. Weeks lengthened into months and still she didn't come. He didn't know that hers had been just one of the many deaths caused by reckless driving on crowded streets on a Christmas morning. He remembered what she had said. Faith? In her? In God? They had both failed him. Faith? There was no such thing. And so, without faith in God or man, Kid Mike set out on the road of Life.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY,  
*Gerald Bliss, Jr., '23.*

She was hurrying as rapidly as any woman does hurry when she is trying to get the dinner prepared before the "men folks" get home. The meat was browning nicely, the potatoes had reached the stage where they gave off that tantalizing aroma, and everything was about ready for the table. She was in the act of taking it from the stove when the doorbell gave forth a short staccato.

Hurriedly, she wiped her face on her none-too-clean apron, and went to welcome the caller, whoever it might be. A glance at him revealed a book in his hand, and so the conclusion was that he was the book agent that had been in town for the past few days. In a hasty, half-courteous manner she invited him into the house, but showed very plainly that she was quite willing to get rid of him as soon as possible. As soon as he had seated himself, she burst forth with, "Well, what will you be wanting? I suppose that you have some good-for-nothing book that I have no use for whatsoever. Come, come, hurry! I haven't all day, as my dinner is about ready to burn now. Let's hear what you have to say and get it done quickly." While she was saying all of this, the book agent was gasping for breath and staring in surprise.

A few more short and snappy remarks she made, and then, without a word of warning, left for the kitchen from which considerable smoke was pouring forth. A few minutes later she appeared in the sitting room again, and said as she moved in a stern but not stately manner, "Well, now that everything is burned, I suppose—"

But she got no further, for the book agent had flown, much to her surprise, as well as delight. So she went back to the kitchen to make out of the remains whatever might be possible.

The next day at church, she met the new pastor. And the people wondered why she fainted.

### NEVER AGAIN!

*Louise Henter, '23.*

Mary had just come to town. On hearing that our most popular game was basket ball, she immediately became desirous of understanding the game so that she might appreciate the many games she intended to see. So I, only too overjoyed at the prospect of explaining the intricacies of my favorite sport to this less fortunate, though certainly most attractive member of the weaker sex, took her to the clubhouse on the night of the game between Cristobal and Balboa High School. As soon as we were seated she began:

"Oh! What are those things?"

"Those things," I explained, "are called baskets and —"

"Why do they run around in circles under those jiggers?"

"They run around like that under the baskets to get warmed up."

"Warmed up? What's that? Over what?"

She had the cutest way of putting her finger to her mouth when she giggled. But while I was busy answering her questions and explaining what the lines meant on the floor, she was off on another subject.

"Oh! Doesn't the Balboa team have pretty suits? Don't they look darling? They're much better looking than the Cristobal boys!" But even though it was she who said it, I was up in arms.

"Why we've got the best school on the Zone! We're second to none! If you don't believe it, ask Miss Dodds! She's over there. We've got the pep and the rep! Balboa's got a snappy team but we aren't afraid of them! No; not a bit!"

Who's the team that's going to win? Cris—" I was interrupted by the referee's whistle.

"Who's that? What's the whistle for?"

"He is the referee," I explained. "The referee referees and when he referees he blows the whistle when fouls are—"

"What's fouls?" I missed one of Moore's lightning baskets by explaining. She cut me short, however.

"Why do those men both stand in the circle? Why is it that when that man blows the whistle and says 'Ball out' someone always throws it in again?" I explained, that is, I started to explain, but she broke in, "Oh! Don't you think that tall center of Balboa's is the swellest-looking thing you ever saw? What's his name? Who's that boy with the pretty eyes?"

"No I don't," I said in answer to her first question. "I never did think Norfleet was handsome, and I don't think anyone else does either! But he's—"

"Who is that boy that just looked this way? Who's that? What's this? Why did he fall down? When—" A faint glimmer of light came to me. I didn't even attempt to answer. She never noticed. I got up. Still she didn't notice. I left. She had forgotten all about me.

### PUP-P-PATHETIC.

*Ernst Euphrat, '23.*

Good gracious! It was right over him—a great black thing with long crooked claws. As it came nearer, it got bigger and bigger! Closer! Closer! It closed around him! He shut his eyes; his heart thumped; he shook from the edge of his little pink nose to the tip of his tail. There! It had him by the back of the neck!

Well! It was only the shadow of his mistress's hand as she came to take him for a walk!



## THE IOWA.

*Edith Coulbourn, '24.*

(See illustration, p. g. 22.)

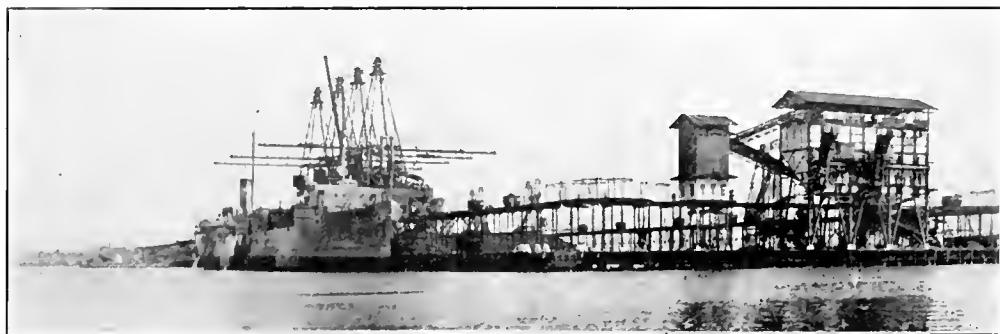
Into the harbor of Colon and on through the Panama Canal steamed the Atlantic fleet with her huge super-dreadnoughts, grim destroyers, and trim submarines. It was indeed an impressive sight, for the white uniforms of the men made a dazzling contrast with the sombre gray. The fleet maneuvers were to be held in the Pacific, off the coast of Panama, and the ships were on their way to take part in them.

Among them was the U. S. S. *Iowa* making her farewell voyage from the eastern shore of the United States, and her first and final voyage through the Panama Canal to the Pacific where she was to render her last bit for her country, as she was to be used as a target for the guns of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets during the maneuvers.

she returned to her homeland as the victor, flying the Red, White, and Blue. Cheer after cheer was given for her and her noble crew.

Then came larger and finer battleships. The *Iowa* grew small by comparison. Still she held her own, for she had a glorious past of which the newer ships could not boast. She had been commanded by some of the most prominent captains of the Navy. Even though the newer ships were larger and more formidable, they had never been called upon to defend their country's flag as had the U. S. S. *Iowa*.

The World War came. The *Iowa*, being considered an obsolete type, was placed in commission but assigned to duty in home waters. She was used in connection with the training of men newly enlisted in the naval service, and in this manner contributed her part in no small way, by furnishing trained men for the newer battleships,



Cristobal Coaling Station where Ships of the World Touch.

Trim and neat as in days gone by, she looked as she went on her way, her crew walking her decks for the last time, and the flag of the country which she had served so faithfully flying from her gaff. And as the *Iowa* proceeded on this, her last trip under her own steam, the thought came of the old days when she had been the pride of our Navy.

In the year of our Lord 1897, she had been completed at Cramp's Shipyard, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—the largest battleship of that time. Almost immediately after she had been placed in commission, war was declared with Spain. The *Iowa* was at that time commanded by Captain Robley D. Evans, better known as "Fighting Bob." Under his command the *Iowa* proved her worth at the battle of Santiago and played an important part as a fighting unit of the United States Atlantic fleet when the Spanish fleet was destroyed. How proud the nation was of her when

destroyers, and submarines, as well as armed guards for the merchant ships crossing the Atlantic carrying troops and cargo.

The Peace Conference came—and finally the Disarmament Conference, in which the United States agreed to scrap so many ships. Our Navy had to be reduced; so the oldest ships must go. The *Iowa* was then selected as the ship to be fitted out for use in connection with experimental tests of radio control. After several experiments on the Atlantic coast the *Iowa* was ordered south to be used as a target in connection with the winter maneuvers of the United States fleet.

Here she was, bravely proceeding on her way, following the example of her noble officers and men who had not been afraid to dare.

In three weeks after they reached Panama Bay the fleet had carried out their prearranged maneuvers and problems.

On Monday, March 19, 1923, they got under way, the *Iowa* accompanying them, controlled by radio through the U. S. S. *Mississippi*. She seemed a phantom ship, for there was not a soul on board, yet her engines were running and her boilers filled as if she were fully manned by her crew. The Stars and Stripes were proudly flying from her gaff and she seemed to derive a conscious dignity from the fact that she had defended the honor of that flag and carried it to victory; that she had always done her duty faithfully to her country; and that now she was *still* serving it, even though it was her last service.

They proceeded to the open sea and arrived at the spot where the *Iowa* was to be sunk on Tuesday, March 20. The sea, blue and placid under the afternoon sun, seemed a fitting grave for such a ship.

When the *Iowa* was nine miles away, the *Mississippi* started firing on her. After a few salvos from the huge guns of the super-dreadnought the *Iowa* lay an immovable, defenseless target.

Secretary Denby ordered the National Anthem to be played on board the U. S. S. *Maryland*, and as the strains floated out across the water, every visitor, officer, and man on the ships stood at attention, head bared, as in the presence of death. Tears rose in many eyes as they looked their last upon that noble ship. The national salute of twenty-one guns was given as the *Iowa* went to her last resting place in the Pacific.

As soon as she had gone down, the ships steamed over to where she had last been seen. A rust-colored scum lay like a veil over the water. It was the only visible trace left of the U. S. S. *Iowa*, but the memory of that ship will live in the hearts of the American people for many years to come. Now,

"The ships that roam o'er the ocean's foam  
May hear, in ghostly tones,  
The *Iowa*'s bell, as she tolls her knell  
In the locker of Davy Jones."



## ALLEGORIES OF SCHOOL LIFE.



### EVERY STUDENT'S RIDE.

(Based on the morning run of the Gatun Bus.)

*Louise Henter, '23.*

Every Student was to begin a new period of preparation for his journey toward Success. For a long time he had stayed in the bed Vacation although the alarm clock Watchfulness had awakened him from his sleep Ease quite early. But Every Student sighed, and groaned, and threw the clock Watchfulness under the bureau Carelessness where it stopped running, except for a sudden jerk or knock at long intervals. Every Student's dog, Conscience, his best friend and faithful follower, was much disturbed by the noise. Conscience tried vainly to get under Carelessness but it was too big a proposition for him; so finally he turned to Every Student and scratched him with the claw Discomfort, waking him from his sleep Ease to a realization of the situation.

Under the shower Pep, Every Student lost the feeling of Laziness. He dressed himself in the

garments of Good Intentions, and, as he heard the school bus Ambition blowing the horn of Opportunity, he ate a hasty breakfast of Patience, grabbed his ill-packed lunch of Perseverance, called for the new girl, Novelty, carrying her books of Enjoyment, and waited for the bus Ambition. Every Student found that several others were already there—Pleasure, the prettiest girl, Bluff, the bully boy, Courage and Self-Respect, both clear-eyed and ready for any emergency, and the twins, Cheat and I-Should-Worry. The driver Faculty started Ambition with the crank of Ideals and after a moment of confused rumblings and groanings Ambition began its slow progress along High School Road. This road was divided into four parts. The first part was hard traveling but was later composed chiefly of long hills down which Ambition coasted swiftly. Pleasure tried vainly to get Every Student to sit with her but Novelty had all his attention.

The first stop was made for a very homely girl, Monotony. The first thing Monotony did was to

push Novelty into a deserted corner, appropriating her seat next to Every Student, and sitting on his lunch of Perseverance, making it rather flat. She immediately began to exercise a proprietary right over Every Student and, to escape her attentions, he sought the company of Pleasure. To show off before her he stood on the step No-Study, although repeatedly scolded by the driver Faculty, and, on going around Review Curve and Examination Bump, he would have fallen off but for the ready aid of Bluff and Cheat.

At Fort Industry, Efficiency, System, and Ready Money got on board to accompany them on the second half of their journey. Ready Money immediately devoted all his attention to Pleasure, and Every Student became very despondent. To show he didn't care, he stood on the step No-Study again but this time he was forcibly set by Faculty on the hard and uncomfortable bench of Hard Study, where System and Self-Respect helped him very much. Ready Money persuaded Pleasure, Bluff, and Cheat to go with him so they all jumped off at Blind Alley River. Ambition stopped many times with severe jerks and loud noises, but the mysterious ailment was always attended to by Faculty, and, by the time they came to the third stop, Ambition was going forward easily.

At the third stop there were three roads—Easy Work Road, leading backward; No Worry Road, leading down hill; and High School Road continuing onward. Ambition, after picking up Dignity and Assurance, kept on its way along High School Road through the town of Achievement, and stopped where the great sea of Life with its ships of Experience washes the shore of Dependence.

### THE HARP.

*Ernst Enphrat, '23.*

The beautiful human harp is ready. Upon the stout frame of former high school reputation are stretched the wires of studenthood. The heavy bass wires, the Seniors, form the background of each selection. The Juniors and Sophomores furnish an accompaniment for the Freshmen's tune. Each instructor pricks out his tune: English, from sonorous strains of grand opera tragedy to lively light lyrics; the heavy cantatas of algebra and physics; the dreary chants of Latin; the patriotic airs of history—all are practiced from day to day in preparation for the quarterly recitals.

For many of the wires the strain is great, and they begin to sag. These are attended to by the tuner, principal, who tightens them up and keeps the instrument in harmony. Then, after the hard day's practice of these exalted, stubborn compositions, comes the recreation of the popular air of sports. And through it all runs the pervading theme of school spirit.

### EVERYBOY.

*H. E. May, '23.*

Everyboy, after his graduation from high school, accompanied by his firm friend Knowledge, who is mounted on the steed Experience, sets out to find the twin cities Success and Fame. He has been advised many times on the matter by his friend Knowledge, so when the two set out from the halls of Preparation, Everyboy wears a cloak of Character, hat of Determination, and shoes of Perseverance, he rides a steed, System, and carries a firearm, Courage.

As they ride along, Everyboy notices that there are many more engaged in the search. Some of them have no mounts, others are mounted on steeds of Laziness, and still others are mounted, but wear no cloaks, and carry no firearms. He feels proud that he has such an unusual start, but Knowledge warns him that only the test of time will tell his future.

Knowledge has hardly finished this warning, when Everyboy sees in the distance the swamp Bad Luck. In this swamp dwell many enemies, such as Misfortune, Disgrace, and Shame. Everyboy also notices that this swamp is fed by the river Carelessness, wherein are the demons, Temptation, Vacillation, Unsteadiness, and Failure. Beyond the river he sees a city, which Knowledge tells him is the city of Adversity, where a man is either made or broken. Knowledge also says that if Everyboy can get through the swamp, the river, and the city, he will come out upon the good road, Fortune, which leads directly to the twin cities, Success and Fame.

As they enter the swamp of Bad Luck, Everyboy sees the enemies creeping cunningly around in order to try to render his steed System unfit, so that they can capture Everyboy and make him join their ranks. Simultaneously they strike, but Everyboy is on the alert and with the help of his fine weapon, Courage, he wards them off.

Everyboy and Knowledge hurry from the swamp and, as they come upon the river, Knowledge instructs Everyboy as to the manner of crossing it. Everyboy listens with eager ears and upon reaching the bank he spurs his mount on, into the water. The demons are upon him; Temptation pulls at his cloak of Character, Vacillation at his cap of Determination, Unsteadiness at his shoes of Perseverance, while Failure, the strongest of the demons, tries to force the steed System down and to wrench the weapon from his hand. Soon they get an advantage over him, but never-failing Knowledge rushes in and saves him by overpowering Failure. Everyboy then gets a chance to use his weapon and he kills all the demons.

Knowledge then takes Everyboy to the inn of Confidence, where he is given a room of valor and fruits from the trees of Earnestness and Eager-

ness. As soon as Everyboy is sufficiently rested to resume the hard journey, the two set out for the city of Adversity.

As they approach the city gates, there is no fear in the heart of Everyboy, for he knows that with his cloak of Character and his firearm of Courage, Adversity can not harm him. He strikes the gates to the ground with a single blow from his firearm of Courage. Much to his surprise he is not attacked as he makes the transit of the city, but he meets many strange persons. Among them he sees Pride and Relentlessness, who are the parents of Ignorance, and Conceit and Haughtiness, the parents of Overconfidence.

From the city he exits to the plain of Happiness, through which he sees the road Fortune running up to the twin cities, Success and Fame. He soon reaches them and settles down in the estate of Bliss.



Ruined Bridge at Old Panama.

#### REVERY.

*Inza Markham, '24.*

"Tis twilight. By a ruined bridge I stand—  
A crumbling bridge, vine-clad and grey with years—  
Above a muddy stream. I dream—A band  
Of faithful go to evening prayer. My ears  
Are filled with sound of vesper bells. The land  
Is calmed with peace. From convent walls one hears  
The chant of nuns. It dies. And then a hand  
On a guitar strums forth a song that cheers.  
Then on the breeze is borne the tramp of hoofs.  
Again I picture Morgan with his hordes.  
They steal upon that slumbering town. The roofs,  
High blazing, turn the sky to scarlet. Swords  
In darkness clash. I rouse. Nature from sight  
Has kindly hid the horrors of that night.

#### THE OLD JUNGLE TRAIL.

*Louise Hunter, '23.*

The new trail ends. We leave the glare of day  
And step into green twilight, mystic, still.  
The festooned jungle and the rugged way  
Are peopled by dark shadows. On the hill,  
Cringing beneath the haughty Spaniard's sway,  
Crushed down by loads of jewels, beaten 'til  
The blood dripped down—red rubies on the gray  
Smooth path, the servile slaves, their savage will  
Broken beneath the lash, appear. Bright bars  
Of yellow gold gleam on bent backs. The low  
Soft hum of voices, tinkling of guitars—  
A parrot laughs. The stones lie broken, row  
On row. The gold is now the sunlight's dower;  
The blood, the petals of a passion flower.

## CONTROLLING MY TEMPER.

*Caldwell B. Foos, '25.*

Friday, April 27, 1923, 6:30 a. m. With a sleepy murmur I rolled out of bed and landed on all fours on the carpet. A general dazed amiability permeated my being, and I rose from the floor and ambled into the bathroom. An ice cold shower, and five minutes later I strode through the door, clad in an old pair of "gym" shoes and an old suit of overalls, fairly bubbling over with an excess of animal spirits.

"Oh the bear went over the mountain,  
The bear went over the mountain,  
The bear went over the mountain  
To see what he could see."

"Shut up, Caldwell. You'll wake up the Conrad baby."

"Awright, Pop, old dear, anything you say"—and out of the house and down the road to the garage at the other end of the Post. I unlocked the doors and fastened them apart; then stepped in and opened the door of the snappy sedan which stood within.

"Chg-a-chg arrmmmm! Rm-m-m-m—" With a steady cadence that did my heart good the engine settled down to work. With a noiseless shifting of gears we rolled out of the garage, into second and then high before we (the car and I) were off the short stretch of dirt road in front of the garage. Then, as we hit the concrete road, I "stepped on it." The cool engine gave a protesting spit or so, and then accelerated with a powerful driving hum—twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and still climbing. We shot past Deiberts' and Walker's, then braked suddenly and went past the Colonel's at a sedate and proper twelve miles an hour, as per Post regulations. As we topped the hill, I switched off the ignition and slipped the gear-shift lever into neutral, and we coasted down the hill, to come to a silent stop in front of our quarters. Check.

I climbed out, feeling as if I were the exclusive owner of this terrestrial sphere, and went into the house. I met my kid sisters with a cheerful and slighting greeting, as is my custom. They replied in kind, to the effect that I was a double dumbbell, with a cheerfulness equal to my own. Then I went into my room and dressed for school. When I came out, my kid sisters were just starting on their way to Gatun in the car; so I waved

good-by to them and my father, who was driving them, and sat down to my breakfast. I finished it, rose, and went into my bathroom, gayly caroling a mournful ballad concerning the never-impending demise of ancient warriors, to wit:

"Old soldiers never die,  
Never-r-r die,  
Never-r-r die,  
Old soldiers never-r die  
Only FA-A-A-ADE a-WA-A-Y!!!!"

—upon which I scrubbed my teeth with vigor and vim. Then I went out to wait for the bus. I watched with pleased interest the awkward "recruities" being drilled by a weary sergeant. But pretty soon the waiting grew tiresome, and the splendid feeling departed—where, oh where? Don't ask me—maybe one of the "recruities" had it; but from the look on their faces I hardly think so.

After a while the bus came, and I climbed over various seats and things to my place, to the accompaniment of a carping voice truculently declaring that I was stepping on his lunch, and if I didn't get off—etc., etc.

Slow, mournful funeral music. It was five o'clock, and the bus crawled back into Fort Davis, where it stopped a moment while I got off. I climbed off with a growl, and started walking homeward. I growled again as I recalled the events of the day.

I reached home, climbed wearily up the steps down which I had vaulted so lightly in the morning, and opened the door. I stopped in horror. What was this? My puttees! My beautiful, gleaming, classy puttees, which I had so carefully and lovingly polished preparatory to my trip to San Lorenzo on the coming Sun lay, clay-stained and scratched, a doleful sight. I gazed on them and opened my mouth; then shut it and swallowed, and went on without a word. Four steps on, and I stopped again. My riding breeches! My distinctive, well-cut, perfectly fitting riding breeches! Rumpled, tossed into a corner with red clay-stains everywhere evident. I gazed silently at them, taking in every horrible detail. Then my mother came through the door.

"Oh, your riding breeches," she said. "I lent them to Ruth to go exploring in. I'm sorry she got them dirty."

I exploded. In one long, terrible crashing burst I nullified years of good behavior. I cursed a

blazing, sizzling, blue streak. Everything I had silently absorbed in seven years' experience at various army posts I now made use of. No easy, mild "cusses" like a complicated Chinese cuss, but real, man-sized horrible curses that fairly ripped their way through the startled atmosphere. I cursed steadily on for almost five minutes, with

very few repetitions, and with all the fervor of long pent-up emotions. Then I went out, giving the door a slam that almost broke it, leaving my mother horror struck. Such a thing had never happened before.

That's how I controlled my temper on April 27, 1923.

### GUM CHEWING.

*Mattie Pullig, '23.*

Why is it that the picture of a tousle-headed stenographer chewing gum always provokes a laugh? Probably because of the peculiar expression on her face. She looks so blank. It seems as if this comical expression always appears when one is engaged in the gum-chewing pastime.

There are ways and ways of chewing gum. Some people chew it slowly and deliberately in a bovine manner, others go about it in a serious business-like way, while still others chew it very, very fast, working their jaws like a threshing machine, and making almost as much noise. Perhaps the last is most annoying to other people but all give the appearance of "perpetual mo-

tion," and create an atmosphere utterly lacking in dignity.

Take for instance a minister,—no matter how distinguished looking—put a piece of "Wrigley's" or "Juicy Fruit" or "Black Jack" in his mouth and see how quickly his dignity is lost. His talk does not impress you. You think, "What a silly old man! I know he has that gum sticking in the roof of his mouth."

European people think that our chief "indoor-sport," is gum-chewing. Rather an undignified reputation is it not? So on your trip to Europe, at least, leave out the chewing gum.



The Old Flat Arch in Panama City—An Architectural Curiosity.

### THE SIEGE OF SAN LORENZO.

*H. Edward May, '23.*

High on a beetling battlement beside  
The briny sea stood San Lorenzo. Night  
Of feasting reigned. Men's minds turned not to fight,  
For, from yon lookout post, the sentry cried,  
"One bell and all is well." He had not spied  
The ruthless Morgan, near the battle site,  
Whose men were scaling up the dizzy height

To seize the stronghold from the ocean side.  
A lookout gave the signal that the land  
Side was besieged; the drunk defenders rushed  
To man the guns. Those hidden hordes were on  
Their backs. The battle raged; they made a stand,  
Then fell. His siege well done, the noise was hushed,  
And Morgan stood supreme at break of dawn.

## WHEN GREEN MEETS GREEN.

*Louise Henter, '23.*

The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed. The Fates were having another family quarrel. Jove, from his mighty seat, viewed the conflict and mopped his anguished brow with a large, red bandana handkerchief while praying for a more supreme power than even his to bring peace and tranquillity once more to the heavens. Long ago he had learned not to interfere when the Fates fought. The quarrel had begun because Atropos, in a fit of anger, had cut short the life of the sisters' favorite plaything. Any form of amusement is rare in the heavens and the three Fates, old and pettish as they were, derived their only amusement from the antics through which they put the people on earth. For Atropos to kill a person just as his car and a railroad train met at a crossing was an unforgiveable offense, especially as he might have been good for all sorts of amusing situations, although an arm or a leg were missing. However, the battle terminated as swiftly as it had begun and, when the dust settled, the three sisters were seen sitting side by side, conferring earnestly with each other. Finally they chuckled unpleasantly,—they hardly ever smiled. Clotho drew a new cord from her distaff, and the life of Patrick Michael O'Connelly began.

Mrs. O'Connelly looked into the ugly, little red face and prayed that life would treat him kindly, more kindly than his looks might at first imply. She caught a tiny twinkle in the wide, blue eyes. "Ye've the Oirish sinse of humor, Pat, me lad, but may the good saints give ye luck," and, although she said it last, luck held a place of first importance in her estimation.

Pat grew up. Humor, well, humor was Pat's biggest asset—a ready laugh in return for the hard, unfriendly kicks of the world, a joke for the jibes of his associates, for Pat was unlucky. Unlucky hardly fits Pat's case, he was absolutely unfortunate. When he was a few days old his mother changed her earthly habitation for one more ethereal, aided somewhat by the well-placed kicks of her husband, who, filled with pride and —— something else besides, had just returned from celebrating the advent of Pat. Not long after, Pat, aided by the same medium, changed his habitation—for the gutter, from which he was fished by a humane push cart proprietor and transported to the city orphanage. There his

ill luck and humor, combined, proved too much for the authorities, and he left,—by invitation. His ill-luck persisted. When he got a job, that is when an employer was able to overlook his looks, something always happened. The store burnt down, the bank went into bankruptcy, the railroad train jumped the track. If a street car was wrecked and only one person was injured, he was that person. In his own words, "If it rained soup, I'd be out with a fork." But he always came up smiling. The fates knew what they were about. You can't have any fun with a person who gets "sore."

One night, the night he asked Peggy Malone, the cashier in "Tim's Serve-You-Quick Restaurant," to marry him, and had been refused, "No money—and no luck," he went down to the wharves to think things over. Sitting there he considered life. People were funny, the way things happened when least expected was—and then something unexpected came down on his head and he fell a long way into darkness.

He awoke with the hot sun shining in his face. He stared straight into an unclouded sky. The thing on which he lay rolled slightly, first one way, then the other. He must have died. He turned a bit; the top of a mast came into view. He sat up stiffly and saw that he was on the deck of a small schooner, very evidently going somewhere but where he did not know, for he could see nothing but sea—blue sea stretching out infinitely. Shanghaied! He had heard of it but it had never happened to him before. He laughed,—life was funny.

After a week of sailing they came into sight of land—Panama. Pat leaned heavily on the rail and sighed ecstatically. Panama was a land of romance to him, a land of promise. He leaned more heavily, "Oh gee——!" The small boat picked him up, almost drowned, and he was placed on extra duty, to account for the delay caused by his falling in. As a result he was the last to leave the ship.

Everything was new to him, everything interesting. Real palm trees! He stopped to admire. A carromata horse, frankly bored, chewed the back of his straw hat while waiting for him to move. Chinese and Hindu stores, Kelly's, a variety store, a glimpse of something small and black in a window! What was it? A doll's head? He turned quickly, slipped, and one hand, flying

wildly, clutched at a bunch of green papers held in the lax hand of a wrinkled old negress, surrounded by baskets of fruit, coconuts, and parrot cages. One of the cages was overturned and the occupant screeched, "Caramba! Caramba!" The owner now fully aroused also screeched but much less intelligibly—a rush of words, Spanish and English, not understandable but plainly not complimentary.

Pat seated perilously on a basket of coconuts was bewildered, dazed. He hadn't done any harm. The farther away he was from that small negro volcano the better he'd feel. But when he attempted to leave, the excitement only became more intense. She clutched at his hand and gesticulated wildly. Oh yes, he saw what was the matter, he had a sheet of the numbered, green paper she had been holding; evidently she wanted it. He thrust it at her. She shook her head violently. No! No! Then why didn't she want him to leave? She wanted it and she didn't want it! He was more bewildered than ever. A crowd had gathered and their jibes only made him more excited. Suddenly a firm hand grasped his arm and a kindly voice said, "Pay her five dollars and everything will be all right." Pat's heart sank. Five dollars was all he had. However, anything to get away. He paid the five dollars and again offered her the sheet of paper. No? She didn't want it? Well! He crumpled the paper carelessly, thrust it into his pocket, and wandered, disconsolate, back to the ship.

Next day the ship went through the canal, and the next, being Sunday, the crew was given shore leave for the entire day. Pat was undecided whether to go ashore or not but at last curiosity overcame reluctance and he set out. He explored Balboa, admired the Prado, the Administration Building, the Clubhouse, the Stadium, the Mosque, and finally after getting into a bat-

tered street car he arrived at Panama City. He left the car and about ten o'clock was attracted by a huge crowd.

Anticipating a fight he pushed his way forward. He was disappointed. On a platform twirling a wire cage about a foot and a half in diameter, stood a child. The cage stopped and the child thrust his hand through a small opening and pulled out a small ball. A man on the platform opened the ball and looking inside shouted, "Dos!" Immediately afterward the number 2 appeared on the signboard behind him. The child twirled the cage again and drew forth another ball and again the man shouted. Pat was interested. This must be the lottery the fellows spoke about on the boat. How much did the winner get? Ten thousand! Gee, how would it feel to have so much money! But his contemplations were interrupted; the man shouted again and the number 268 stood on the board behind him. This happened again and now the numbers stood out clear, 2683. They looked familiar to Pat. Where had he seen them before? Suddenly recognition came to him. His hand went to his pocket and drew forth a crumpled sheet of paper.

The Fates had smiled.



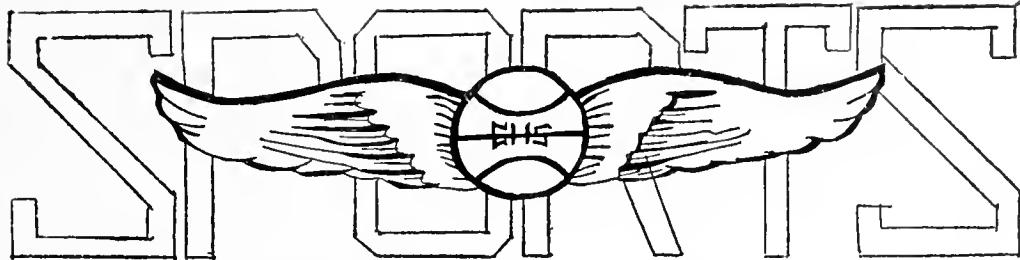
Lottery Drawing in Panama City.

#### TROPIC RAIN.

*Frances Gray, '25.*

Drip, drip; drip, drip; drip, drip; on vale and hill;  
The low monotony fills all the air.  
The chatter of the monkeys now is still.  
The jaguar slinks away into his lair.  
The water fills the stagnant pools until  
They overflow. The palm fronds bend with their  
Rich weight of crystal drops. The torpial's shrill

Sharp whistle pierces through the rain-drenched air.  
The whisper of the wind among the leaves,  
The timid chirp of some close hidden bird,  
The patter of a cat as he achieves  
A place of safety—only these are heard:  
No more. Drip, drip; drip, drip; at night, at dawn,  
The tropic rain falls on and on and on.



Chester Pike, '24 and Charlotte Housel, '24.

## SCHOOL SPORTS.

Athletics is an essential part of school life. In no other form of school activities is the true spirit of a school reflected as in athletics. Find the team that plays the clean game, the fair and square game, and you have found the school in which these ideals are taught and applied to every day of ordinary school life.

Athletics is a great unifier. The basketball team may play Balboa, for instance, and win, and even the person who has no interest in athletics whatsoever, in speaking about it will say, "We licked them."

One ideal that athletics develops is the ideal of unselfishness. How many parties and shows have

been given up, or real sacrifices made because the school was depending on one to do his or her part in the basketball game, the swimming meet, or the tennis match?

Athletics brings the members of a school into a closer understanding of one another, and it is this fact that gives athletics its real importance. It forms a bond not only between the students themselves but between the students and the faculty which cannot be obtained in any other way. Through understanding we have coöperation and through coöperation our school may become all that we desire it to be, excelling all others in spirit, aims, and accomplishments. —*Louise Hunter, '23.*

## BOYS' ATHLETICS.

## FOREWORD.

Cristobal High School has always been up and going when there was anything doing in the athletic line of school activities. This year proved no exception. We did not come out on the long end of the scores as often as we have done in previous years, but the boys did their level best and proved to the public that the members of Cristobal High School are still full of pep and that they are good losers as well as good winners. Everywhere the boys went they were praised for their clean playing and good sportsmanship. We shall lose several good athletes when the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-three is graduated, but there is much good material left, and the prospects for the coming year are brighter than ever.

Our school should be, and is, very proud of its graduates, who are making good in athletics, as well as scholarship, at the schools they are now attending.

Frank Raymond, who was graduated from C. H. S. in 1921, won the 100 yard dash, as well as

taking fourth place in the 220 yard run, in the inter-class track meet at Columbia University.

Wesley Townsend, a member of the class of '22, who is now attending the New York State Ranger School, a branch of Syracuse University, is catching on the school baseball team, and is one of the best men on their swimming team. He is also the champion middle-weight boxer of the school.

Another member of the class of '22, who is doing well in athletics, is Paul Doyle. Paul is now attending Columbia University, where he has made the class water-polo team besides being on the relay swimming team, and the fancy-diving squad.

## BASKETBALL.

Basketball, the most popular sport on the Isthmus, again took the leading place in Cristobal High School athletic activities.

Near the middle of December, the lower classmen, knowing that they had several good basketball players in their midst, formed a team recruit-

ed from the ranks of both the Freshman and the Sophomore classes, and challenged the Juniors and Seniors to a three-game series of basketball. The Juniors and Seniors readily accepted. The first game of this series was played Thursday, December 15, at the Army and Navy "Y." Both teams were evenly matched and it was a hard-fought game all the way through. The Junior-Seniors came out the victors by the score 22—28.

## JUNIORS-SENIORS, 22.

Bliss, F.  
Moore, F.  
May, C.  
Euphrat, G.  
Pike, G.

## FRESHMEN-SOPHOMORES, 18.

Arosemena, F.  
Eggleson, F.  
Walsh, C.  
Cousins, G.  
Burgoon, G.

The second game of the series was played on the Army and Navy "Y" floor, Friday, January 19. This was an exceedingly fast game, and there were very few fouls called. It was anybody's game from the time the whistle first blew until the last few seconds of play. At the end of the first half the Freshman-Sophomore team was one point ahead of the opponents, but the Junior-Senior team finally won by the very close score of 19—18.

## JUNIOR-SENIOR, 19.

Bliss, F.  
Eggleson, F.  
Zimmerman, C.  
Moore, G.  
Pike, G.

## FRESHMEN-SOPHOMORE, 18.

Pulgar, F.  
Arosemena, F.  
Walsh, C.  
Cousins, G.  
King, G.

Early in March, Mr. Bogda, our coach, picked the school team. Our first game was with "F" Co. of Fort Davis, on Wednesday, March 20, at the Army and Navy "Y." We outplayed and outpassed this team by the large margin of 34—9.

## "F" CO., 9.

Tedball, F.  
Boone, F.  
Cose, C.  
Beard, G.  
Williams, G.

## C. H. S., 34.

Oakes, F.  
Arosemena, F.  
Moore, C.  
Bliss, G.  
Pike, G.

On Friday, March 23, we went over to Balboa to play the first game of the annual high school series. Here we met our first defeat. Balboa outplayed us in every way, but the boys showed their sportsmanship, in fighting until the very last and then taking the defeat in the proper spirit.

## B. H. S., 39.

Shuber, F.  
Clements, F.  
Norfleet, C.  
Engelke, G.  
Pena, G.  
Clark, G.  
Cross, F.

## C. H. S., 9.

Oakes, F.  
Arosemena, F.  
Moore, C.  
Bliss, G.  
Pike, G.

The next game was with the Fort De Lesseps Post team. This was played on the Army and Navy "Y" floor on April 3. The score was close all through the game, but our forwards had trouble "finding the basket." We lost to the tune of 18—12.

## DE LESSEPS, 18.

Samson, F.  
Jacox, F.  
Bruchie, C.  
Naibuer, G.  
Lanfield, G.  
Lyons, F.  
Goldstein, F.

## C. H. S., 12.

Oakes, F.  
Moore, F.  
Zimmerman, C.  
Bliss, G.  
Pike, G.

Our second game with Balboa High School was played April 7, at the Cristobal Army and Navy "Y." Both teams started with the determination to pile up a big score on the other team, and the result was that the first two quarters were exceptionally fast. Cristobal boys played much better basketball than when they played Balboa the first time, but were not able to put the long end of the score in their favor.

## B. H. S., 17.

Shuber, F.  
Cross, F.  
Norfleet, C.  
Pena, G.  
Clark, G.  
Clements, F.

## C. H. S., 8.

Moore, F.  
Bliss, F.  
Zimmerman, C.  
Oakes, G.  
Pike, G.

On Monday, April 9, we defeated the Beach Combers. We had good pass-work and had little difficulty in defeating our opponents. The game was fast and interesting, but at no time were our boys in danger, and the game ended 26—18 in our favor.

## BEACH COMBERS, 18.

Burgoon, F.  
Eggleson, F.  
Kent, C.  
Snedeker, G.  
Solomon, G.  
Trowbridge, C.

## C. H. S., 26.

Moore, F.  
Cousins, F.  
Zimmerman, C.  
Oakes, G.  
Pike, G.

The third game with Balboa proved to be the most exciting game of the season. It was played at Gatun on Friday, April 13. Our boys played a wonderful game but Balboa got the breaks of the game and won by one lonely basket. At the end of the first quarter they had us by one point 10—9, and at the end of the half they were still ahead by one point, 18—17. Then at the end of the third quarter we were in the lead by three points, 25—28. In the last quarter Balboa caught up with us and then, with but a few seconds left to play, one of Balboa's men made a long shot from near the center of the floor and won the game. This was Balboa's game, 31—29.

B. H. S., 31.	C. H. S., 20.
Sullivan, F.	Bliss, F.
Clements, F.	Moore, F.
Norfleet, C.	Zimmerman, C.
Pena, G.	Oakes, G.
Clark, G.	Pike, G.
	Cousins, G.

Several days later "H" Company of Fort Davis arranged to play us at the Army and Navy "Y," and won the game by the close score of 14—13. We had several points on them at the end of the half and so, deciding to get some practice, we passed the ball around instead of shooting for the basket. We saw our mistake,—too late to win the game. The following week we played "H" Company at Gatun where we easily won to the tune of 19—13.

The line-up for the game at Gatun was:

"H" co., 13.	C. H. S., 19.
Garriger, F.	Arosemena, F.
Williams, F.	Moore, F.
Higgins, C.	Zimmerman, C.
Moore, G.	Oakes, G.
Pertony, G.	Pike, G.
	Cousins, G.

We again travelled to the town of Gatun to play basketball. This time, Friday, May 4, it was to play the Gatun boys. Here we lost by one point, 17—16.

GATUN, 17.	C. H. S., 16.
Kent, F.	Arosemena, F.
Pulgar, F.	Moore, F.
Pertony, C.	Zimmerman, C.
Myers, G.	Oakes, G.
King, G.	Pike, G.
	Cousins, G.

A series of five games was arranged between C. H. S. and "C" Co., Fort Davis. The first game was played Thursday, May 10, at the Army and Navy "Y." This was a hard fast game with good passing on the part of both teams. 18—12 was the score by which C. H. S. took the game.

"C" CO., 12.	C. H. S., 18.
Bloomberg, F.	Arosemena, F.
Wilson, F.	Cousins, F.
Healy, C.	Zimmerman, C.
Fuelling, G.	Oakes, G.
Dixton, G.	Campbell, G.
Smith, sub-C.	

### SWIMMING.

This year swimming has taken a prominent place in C. H. S. athletic activities. We have some wonderful swimmers in our school, some of whom have broken certain Isthmian school records, this year. When Balboa H. S. came over to swim us the first time, two of our best swimmers were unable to compete and we lost the meet by 13 points. Balboa took 33 points to our 20.

#### Events:

##### 60 YARD SWIM.

- 1 R. Norfleet, B. H. S.
- 2 B. Engelke, B. H. S.
- 3 Trowbridge, C. H. S.

##### 90 YARD SWIM.

- 1 B. Engelke, B. H. S.
- 2 Shuber, B. H. S.
- 3 B. Coffey, C. H. S.

##### 220 YARD SWIM.

- 1 J. Coffey, C. H. S.
- 2 Shuber, B. H. S.
- 3 R. Norfleet, B. H. S.

##### PLUNGE.

- 1 J. Coffey, C. H. S.
- 2 D. Engelke, B. H. S.
- 3 Allen, B. H. S.

##### DIVING.

- 1 B. Coffey, C. H. S.
- 2 Allen, B. H. S.
- 3 Hutchins, B. H. S.

##### RELAY.

- 1 Balboa High School. (B. Engelke, R. Norfleet, Shuber, Allen.)
- 2 Cristobal High School. (B. Coffey, Moore, Trowbridge, J. Coffey.)

Our second swimming meet this year against our Isthmian rivals, B. H. S., took place Saturday, May 26, at the Washington Hotel pool. This time we had all our swimmers with us and took

the meet from B. H. S. by the big margin of 39 to 13. We took all the first places and in the 90 yard dash, Alan Wallace, our husky swimming champ, broke the Isthmian school record by finishing the 90 yards in  $57 \frac{1}{5}$  seconds. James Burgoon took first place in both the 30 and the 60 yard swims, and also swam anchor man on our relay team. The two Coffey brothers also made fine showings on Saturday. Jack Coffey won one second and three third places, and, in the diving tied for second with Norfleet of Balboa. Billy Coffey easily won the diving.

#### Events:

##### 30 YARD SWIM.—TIME 15 $3\frac{1}{5}$ SECONDS.

1. James Burgoon, C. H. S.
2. Robert Norfleet, B. H. S.
3. Jack Coffey, C. H. S.

##### 60 YARD SWIM.—TIME 36 SECONDS.

1. James Burgoon, C. H. S.
2. Robert Norfleet, B. H. S.
3. Jack Coffey, C. H. S.

##### 90 YARD SWIM.—TIME 57 $1\frac{1}{5}$ SECONDS.

1. Alan Wallace, C. H. S.
2. Robert Norfleet, B. H. S.
3. Jack Coffey, C. H. S.

##### 220 YARD SWIM.—TIME 2 MINUTES, 59 SECONDS.

1. Alan Wallace, C. H. S.
2. Jack Coffey, C. H. S.
3. Robert Norfleet, B. H. S.

##### 120 YARD RELAY.—TIME 1 MINUTE, 8 SECONDS.

1. C. H. S. (Andrew Smith, Jack Coffey, Alan Wallace, and James Burgoon.)
2. B. H. S. (Robert Norfleet, Leo White, Wayne Banton, and Jack Van Puttman.)

#### FANCY DIVING.

1. Billy Coffey, C. H. S.
2. Tie between Jack Coffey of C. H. S. and Norfleet of B. H. S.

#### TRACK.

On Saturday, April 14, the Canal Zone High and Grammar School Athletic Meet for boys, was held at the Balboa Stadium. B. H. S. made 32 points to our 22.

##### DISCUS THROW.

1. Moore, C. H. S., 98 feet, 10 inches.
2. Shuber, B. H. S.
3. Zimmerman, C. H. S.
4. May, C. H. S.

##### RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

1. Clements, B. H. S., 4 feet, 10 inches.
2. Norfleet, B. H. S.
3. May, C. H. S.
4. Moore, C. H. S.

##### RUNNING HOP SKIP AND JUMP.

1. Newhard, B. H. S., 38 feet,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches.
2. May, C. H. S.
3. Clark, B. H. S.
4. Norfleet, B. H. S.

##### 220 YARD DASH.

1. May, C. H. S.
2. Newhard, B. H. S.
3. Clark, B. H. S.
4. Duran, B. H. S.

##### MILE RELAY.

1. B. H. S. (Shuber, Engelke, F. Newhard, Duran.)
2. C. H. S. (Smith, Moore, Oakes, May.)
3. B. H. S. (Clark, Pena, C. Newhard, Norfleet.)

#### TENNIS.

The first in the line of tennis activities took place on Thursday, January 27, when the underclassmen, Wirtz and Eggleston, answered the challenge of the upperclassmen, Bliss and Pike. The upperclassmen easily won by the score, (6—1), (6—0).

On Saturday, January 27, Mr. Robertson, Balboa's athletic coach, brought four men over to play tennis against us. We had only time to play the doubles. Balboa took the first set (6—3) and we took the next (6—3), but as they had to hurry to catch the 12.15 train, we played the best two out of three games for the third set, and as they took the first two games they won the match.

We did not play B. H. S. again until June 2, when they again came over to the Atlantic side. Bliss of Cristobal won from Shuber of Balboa after three, hard-fought sets, by the score (6—4), (4—6), (6—3). Then Pike of Cristobal won from Clements of Balboa in two straight sets (6—1), (6—2). Balboa forfeited the doubles to us, which completed our victory, taking the two rounds of singles and the doubles.

On Tuesday, May 29, the seniors, Louise Henter and Gerald Bliss, played the juniors, Gladys Lowande and Chester Pike, in mixed doubles. This was a close exciting match but the seniors won by the score (6—3), (6—3).

There has been an inter-class doubles tournament arranged, and one of the matches has already been played. The seniors won from the freshmen in two exciting sets to the tune of (6—2), (6—4). None of the other matches have been played, but will be soon.

##### COMPETING TEAMS.

Seniors	...	Bliss and May.
Juniors	...	Pike and Oakes.
Sophomores	...	Arosemena and Foos.
Freshmen	...	King, Eggleston and Wirtz.

## GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Although girls' athletics were late in starting this year, they made up for their delinquency in the few months that followed. We owe most of our success to Miss Lindsay, the girls' physical directress.

## BASKETBALL.

Basketball always was and still is our most popular and favorite sport. A series of five games was arranged between the girls' basketball teams of the two high schools, Cristobal and Balboa, in which Balboa won by a score of 3 games to 1 game.

The first game was played at the Balboa playshed on March, twenty-third. Although the game ended with a defeat for Cristobal to the tune of 12—6, it did not dampen our spirits and we came home more determined than ever that the series would end with Cristobal in the lead.

The second game was played at Gatun Clubhouse, neutral territory, on April thirteenth, and a huge crowd of Cristobal High School rooters witnessed the defeat of Balboa in the score of 22—10. Never before was such team work shown by our team, as was displayed that night, and although Balboa worked hard, they were unable to overcome the number of points scored the first quarter.

The third game of the series was played on the slippery floor of Balboa playshed, on the afternoon of April twenty-seventh. The game, in which we must admit they outplayed us, ended with a score of 22—3, Balboa as victor.

During the Girls' Conference held at the Y. W. C. A. in Cristobal, a basketball game was played as one of the events of the afternoon. This game was won by the team of Cristobal High School girls at the Conference, and was not a league game. The score was 11—2.

## SEASON'S GAMES.

## BALBOA TEAM.

Arlie Greene, F. (Captain)  
Florence Murtagh, F.  
Helen Huber, C.  
Lona Rathbone, S. C.  
Thelma Babbitt, G.  
Esther Greene, G.

## CRISTOBAL TEAM.

Louise Henter, G. (Captain)  
Gladys Lowande, G., S. C.  
Alice Oliver, C.  
Ruth Duey, G.  
Frances Gray, S. C.  
Dorothia Tufts, F.  
Charlotte House, F.

The fourth and last game of basketball was played at the Cristobal Army and Navy "Y," May twenty-sixth. Both teams put up a hard fight, and the score at the first quarter was 0 to 0. Although we worked hard, we were not able to overcome the number of points scored by our opponents during the next three quarters, and the game ended 9 to 3 with Balboa as victor.

## TRACK.

An inter-Isthmian track meet was arranged by the bureau of Clubs and Playgrounds, in which a number of our high school girls competed. For days our girls were kept busy training for the meet, but, due to the superior excellence of some of the Balboa High School girls competing, and to the inability of several of our girls to participate, the final reckoning left much to be desired for Cristobal. The highest point scorer for Cristobal was Louise Henter. The records of the events are as follows:

## 8-POUND SHOT PUT.—DISTANCE 22 FEET, 3 INCHES.

1. Lona Rathbone, Balboa. 3. Ruth Duey, Cristobal.
2. Louise Henter, Cristobal. 4. Arlie Green, Balboa.

## RUNNING HIGH JUMP.—HEIGHT 4 FEET.

1. Esther Green, Balboa. 3. Ida Ruth Hammer, Balboa.
2. Louise Henter, Cristobal. 4. Lona Rathbone, Balboa.

## RUNNING BROAD JUMP.—DISTANCE 12 FEET, 9 INCHES.

1. Thelma Babbit, Balboa. 3. Esther Green, Balboa.
2. Lona Rathbone, Balboa. 4. Louise Henter, Cristobal.

## 100 YARD DASH.—TIME 13 2/5 SECONDS.

1. Esther Green, Balboa. 3. Mary McConnoughay, Balboa.
2. Ruth Duey, Cristobal. 4. Dorothy Deibert, Cristobal.

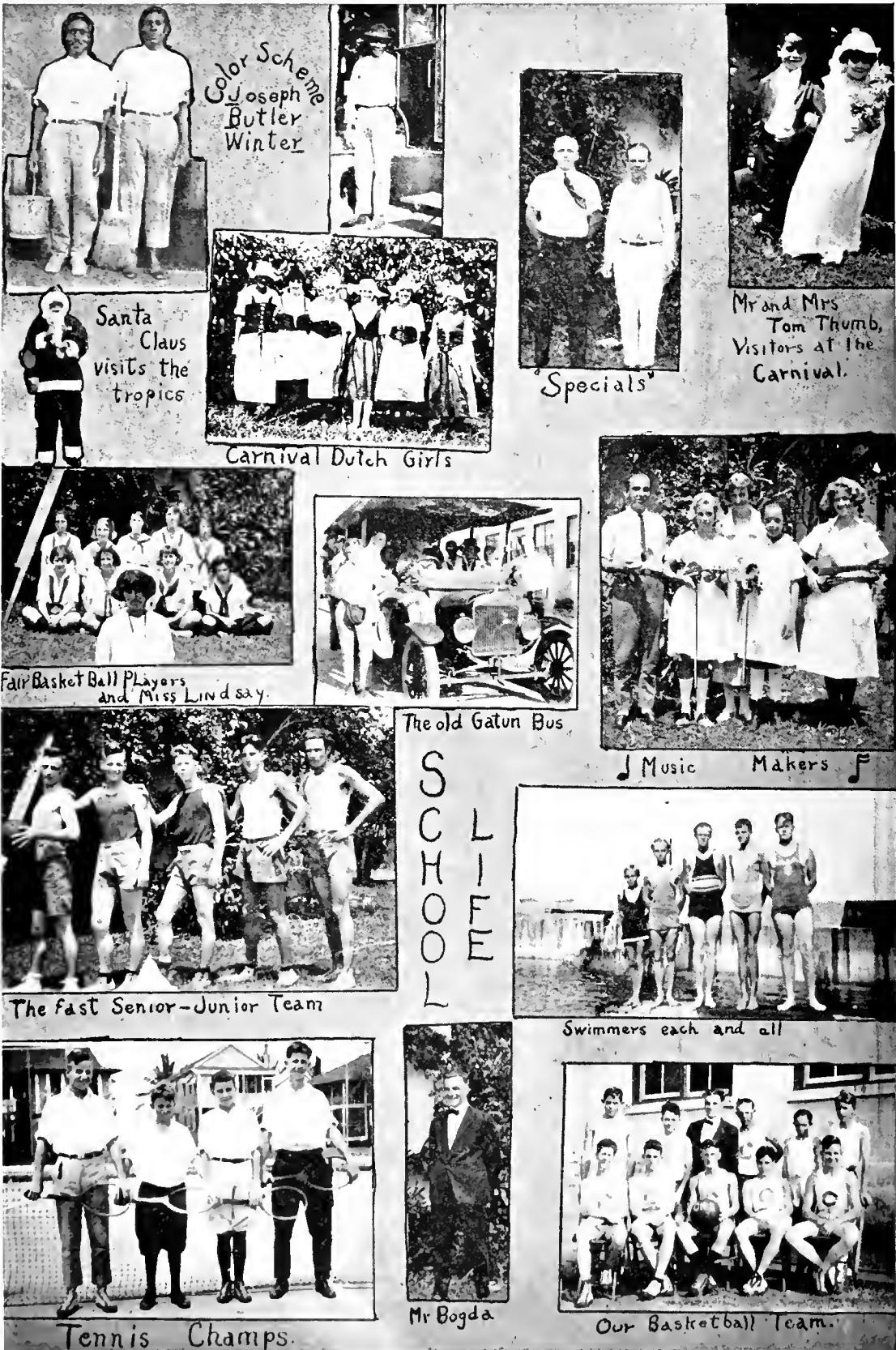
## 440 YARD RELAY.—TIME 1.062 5.

1. Esther Green, Arlie Greene, Florence Murtaugh, Mary McConnoughay, Balboa.
3. Louise Henter, Gladys Lowande, Dorothy Deibert, Ruth Duey, Cristobal.
4. Helen Huber, Ida Hammer, Mabel Glidewell, Lona Rathbone.

## SWIMMING

Swimming has always been a close rival to basketball in popularity, but this year it has been neglected and has fallen to a position of minor importance. However, Frances Gray, Sophomore, managed to take second place in a novelty race held at Balboa pool, February 22, against some of the best swimmers of the Isthmus. We hear with pride of aquatic success of Loretta Rush, a former student of Cristobal High School, who has attracted the notice of the public in some of our biggest cities, on account of her swimming and diving ability. We hope that Adelaide Lambert of the eighth grade, who has been a record breaker in swimming, will return to the Isthmus to join us in October to revive us and aid us in regaining our laurels.

Practically every student plays or attempts to play tennis but it is surprising how few have backed it as a school sport.





# SCHOOL NOTES

*Frances Gray, '25.*

1922.

OCTOBER.

Oct. 5. School opened today. Mrs. Howard took command until Miss Dodds should return from Europe.

Oct. 6. More pupils arrived and the program fight continued.

Oct. 12. Miss Dodds and Miss Hornbeak returned amid great rejoicing. Miss Dodds gave a brief account of her wanderings.

Oct. 13. Today being Friday the thirteenth and ominous in itself, the Freshmen "got theirs" with the usual hair cutting and make up.

Oct. 27. Today marked the first meeting of the Cristobal High School Girls' Supper Club for this year. Eleven new members were admitted with a very impressive ceremony. The new officers were elected as follows:

*President.*—Miss Mattison Pullig.

*Vice President.*—Miss Ruth Hopkins.

*Secretary.*—Miss Hyacinth Eden.

*Treasurer.*—Miss Frances Gray.

The supper that followed the business meeting was well befitting the occasion.

Oct. 28. Chaplain Rentz of Coco Solo gave a brief talk today on the Navy, it being Navy Day.

NOVEMBER.

Nov. 2. First class meetings were held and new officers and class advisers were elected. Elections for the Annual staff also took place.

Nov. 8. Colonel Newton, retired from the U. S. Army, and well known here on the Zone, gave a talk on the capture of Aguinaldo. The fact that Colonel Newton took part in this capture made his story doubly interesting, and it was also very enlightening to many of us.

Nov. 10. The first staff meeting of the school year was held at Henry Moore's this evening. After the business of the meeting was transacted Mrs. Moore served delicious refreshments, and we spent a half hour or so dancing, and listening to Miss Dodds giving one of her readings.

Nov. 17. Today was a red letter day. Mr. William Jennings Bryan came and spoke to us on the subject of education. He was the first speaker of real national importance that we had had the pleasure of hearing, and we all appreciated his kindness.

Nov. 23. A performance of the dramatized Russian folk story, "The Princess and the Sage," was given in the assembly hall today. Judging from the effect upon the audience the play was a success. The cast was as follows:

The King Father	Alpha Morgan.
The Queen Mother	Frances Gray.
The B-e-a-utiful Princess	Charlotte Housel.
The Sage	.. Richard Hall.
The Tutor	Warner Bowers.
Ladies-in-waiting	Gladys Lowande, and Ruth Duey.

Nov. 24. The second CARIBBEAN staff meeting was held at the quarters of Frances Gray, and refreshments and recreation followed the business.

DECEMBER.

Dec. 4. Following the resignation of Gerald Bliss, Edward May was elected Editor-in-Chief of THE CARIBBEAN.

Dec. 8. Emogene Nash and Mattie Pullig entertained the Staff at a dinner given at the Y. W. C. A. Needless to say the dinner was delicious, and the table most attractive. The members of the Staff also evolved several new rules of table etiquette. (They have not yet been printed.)

Dec. 15. Today was annual visiting day. Quite a number of the parents attended the classes. The afternoon classes were shortened, and Miss Hornbeak's Sophomore English class presented some scenes from "Silas Marner." A Parent-Teachers' meeting followed, and refreshments were served by Miss Bakewell's domestic science class.

In the evening the Junior-Senior boys played basketball against the Freshman-Sophomore boys and defeated them with a score of twenty-two to eighteen.

Dec. 20. A staff meeting was held today at school. We all brought our suppers but most of the time was taken up with work.

Dec. 22. The first party of the year took place tonight, with the Seniors as hosts and hostesses. Everyone was dressed as a kid, and some of the costumes were a great success. After we had played games for about an hour, refreshments, consisting of ice-cream men, cake, and lolly-pops, were served. Santa Claus, disguised as Mr. Eu-phrat, distributed presents from the tree in the assembly hall. The party broke up at about eleven thirty after an extremely jolly evening.

Dec. 29. A staff meeting to plan the carnival was held this evening at the home of Edith Coulbourn, and a supper which was most enjoyable was served after the meeting.

#### JANUARY, 1923.

Jan. 14. The third annual high school carnival. Fun, frolic, and finance. The following attractions were open to all:

An art gallery, with Holmes Kingsbury at the door and Dorothy Deibert in charge;

Miss Terious, the beautiful balancing tight rope walker (James Burgoon) with Laurence Callaway in charge of the door;

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb (Lewis Barnett and Mabel Jean Bliss) under the charge of Manola Bliss, with Henry Stevens at the door;

The Kangaroo Court, of which Mr. Stetler was judge and Jordan Zimmerman the cop;

The Crazy House under the direction of Mildred Neely and Dorothy Vaughn, with Surse Taylor as doorman;

The Mary-go-round consisting of Mary Catherine Rentz and Mary Poole, directed by Emogene Nash;

Blue Beard's Chamber, in which Delilah May exhibited the murdered wives of Blue Beard (Dor-

othy Pike, Georgia Bixby and Dorothy Wertz), with Maurice Eggleston at the door;

Nigger Babies managed by Guy Stewart and Andrew Smith;

The Chink Shop run by Gerald Bliss and Wallace Johnson;

The Boneless Wonders (Alpha Morgan and Jack Klunk) under the direction of William Clinchard;

Belinda-the-Beautiful-but-Bored (Warner Bowlers in a beautiful white wig);

Marvelous Mauritzky (Morris Marchoskey) performing under the management of William Coffey and Oliver King.

Then there were:

The Chinese team room in which fragrant tea was served by Edith Trowbridge, Gladys Lowande, Irene McCourt, Irene Hopkins, and Mildred Oliver, in costume;

The Dutch coffee room where Mrs. Kleefkens was chief coffee maker, and the attractive Dutch girls, Johanna Kleefkens, Gay Turner, Winifred Allwork, Florence Albert, Inza Markham, Louise Henter, Ruth Duey, and Dorothy Abendroth, served;

Hot dogs sold by Charles Trowbridge and Louis Snedecker;

The candy booth in the charge of Mildred Morgan, Charlotte Housel, and Edith Coulbourn;

Ice-cream with John Coffey and Robert Allgeier to dispense it.

The assembly hall program consisted of a series of drawings by Mr. Blackwell, of Coco Solo; "The Gypsy Idyll" with a cast of high school students, assisted by Mr. Booz, leading man; several dances by the pupils of Mrs. Sexton and Mrs. Dyer; a piano solo by Marian Lowande, and one by Morris Luce; and songs by three of Mrs. McCarthy's pupils.

The popularity contest was under the direction of William Cousins who was assisted by Charles Walsh and Miss Beeching. The results were as follows:

*Best all round boy and girl.*—Gerald Bliss and Frances Gray.

*Most popular boy and girl.*—Guy Stewart and Mattie Pullig.

*Best looking boy and girl.*—Alpha Morgan and Ruth Hopkins.

Mr. Klunk took charge of the door down stairs and handled the tickets in a manner most efficient and satisfactory.

Jan. 15. Mr. William A. Peterson, of Chicago, who had stopped here on his way to South America, gave, today, one of the most interesting talks that we have had this year. He spoke of our physical, mental, and spiritual development in relation to what we owe the future generations, and, in the general opinion of the school, he was one of the most interesting visitors we have ever had.

We also held an auction sale of all the articles not sold in the Country Store. Miss Dodds was auctioneer, and competition ran high.

Jan. 19. The Junior-Senior boys' basketball team defeated the Freshman-Sophomore team with a score of nineteen to eighteen.

Jan. 26. Mrs. Needham of Pedro Miguel and Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Keenan of Balboa came over today and gave a very interesting musical program in the assembly hall.

#### FEBRUARY.

Feb. 9. A Staff meeting was held tonight at Gladys Lowande's. After the business was put away Mrs. Lowande served refreshments, and Marian, Gladys's younger sister, who is quite a talented pianist, played for us.

Feb. 14. The Juniors entertained the high school at a St. Valentine party which was a real success. The red and white decorations were most appropriate and the refreshments were delicious.

Feb. 16. The seventh meeting of THE CARIBBEAN staff was held at Edward May's. The entertainment following the meeting was quite unique. There being only a small part of the staff present we turned to more serious things, and spent perhaps half an hour in feats involving mental telepathy.

#### MARCH.

March 9. The Staff was entertained this evening by Ernst Euphrat at the home of his sister Mrs. Ray Morris, where the business meeting was followed by a delicious chop suey supper.

March 16. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the well known suffragist leader, honored the high school with a short talk today. She is the second person of national importance that we have had the good fortune to have speak in our school, and her presence was greatly appreciated. The "Cristobal High School Girls' Supper Club" gave a hot-dog roast for the high school boys. A big fire was built on the beach at New Cristobal where the

"dogs" were roasted, and everyone seemed to have a delightful time.

March 17. The Sophomore class celebrated St. Patrick's day by giving a party at the high school. The green and white table decorations and the pipe and snake favors were very effective, while the Irish games were entered into with zest.

March 20. The C. H. S. boys defeated "F" Company from Ft. Davis at basketball with a score of thirty-four to nine.

March 23. The B. H. S. boys defeated the C. H. S. boys at basketball with a score of thirty-nine to nine.

#### APRIL.

April 3. Fort de Lesseps defeated our basketball boys today with a score of eighteen to twelve.

April 6. A Staff meeting was held at the home of Charlotte Housel this evening, and delicious club sandwiches were served after the usual business meeting.

April 7. Boys' basketball game between B. H. S. and C. H. S. Score seventeen to eight in favor of B. H. S.

April 13. The Cristobal girls defeated the Balboa girls at basketball, the game being played at Gatun. The score was twenty-two to ten.

April 20. An entertainment celebrating the second birthday of the Y. W. C. A. on the Zone was held this evening at the Y. W. C. A. building, and the high school contributed to the program, first, one of Booth Tarkington's plays "The Trysting Place" with the cast as follows:

Launcelot Briggs, in love with Mrs. Curtis	Gerald Bliss
Mrs. Briggs, mother of Launcelot . . . .	Mattie Pullig
Jessie, sister of Launcelot . . . .	Gladys Lowande
Mrs. Curtis, a young widow . . . .	Frances Gray
Mr. Ingoldsby, in love with Mrs. Briggs . . . .	Ernst Euphrat
Rupert Smith, in love with Jessie . . . .	Henry Moore
The Voice, engaged to Mrs. Curtis . . . .	Edward May

second, the "Gypsy Idyll," with a chorus consisting of Marian Burgess, Lola Muñoz, Ruth Hopkins, Virginia Tucker, Olga Arcia, Charlotte Housel, José Arosemena, Ernst Euphrat, Edward May, Carlos Pulgar, and Frances Gray, and Mr. Melville Booz.

April 21. Girls' interschool track meet held in Balboa today.

April 27. The girls' basketball team was again defeated by Balboa. The score was twenty-two to three.

## MAY.

May 4-6. The Annual Y. W. C. A. Vocational Conference was held this weekend, and girls from both Balboa and Cristobal took part.

May 9. A Staff meeting was held tonight at the home of Louise Henter in Gatun, and a most appetizing supper was served after the meeting.

May 10. C. H. S. boys played basketball with "C" Company from Ft. Davis, and defeated them with a score of twenty-four to eighteen.



Street Scene in Cristobal.

May 11. A party was given this evening by the Freshmen under the direction of Miss Barnhouse. The red and white decorations were most effective, and the tables were arranged in the form of an F. "An enjoyable time was had by all."

May 12. One of the biggest events of the school year, the Junior-Senior banquet, was held in the household arts rooms tonight. The twenty-two guests, consisting of the Junior and Senior classes and all the teachers, were seated at four tables which were decorated with the Junior class flower, the purple bougainvillea, and the rooms were made exceedingly attractive by decorations of green and

white, the Junior colors. The dinner was prepared by Miss Bakewell's domestic science classes, and served by the eighth grade girls. The menu was as follows:

Fruit Cup	
Chicken Timbales	
Potatoes, Virginia Style	Buttered String Beans
Parker House Rolls	
Tuna Salad	Cheese Straws
Olives	Pickles
Junior Cake	Mint Sherbert
Coffee	Tropic Cream
	Mints

Florence Albert was toastmistress, and the toasts were given by Louise Henter representing THE CARIBBEAN; Ernst Euphrat, the *Youth's Companion*; Miss J. Isabella Dodds, the *Current Opinion*; Gladys Lowande, the *Good Housekeeping*; Edward May, the *World's Work*; Miss Barnhouse, the *Modern Priscilla*; Henry Moore, the *Pathfinder*, and Mattie Pullig, *Life*.

May 23. The Senior rings and pins came today, and the Senior chests and left hands are much in evidence.

June 7. Last of Annual material went to press.

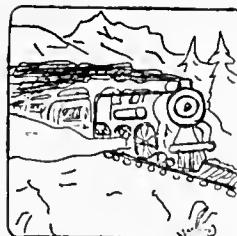
June 8. The class of 1923 presented "Grumpy" at the America Theater.

June 9. The class of 1923 presented "Grumpy" at the Gatun Clubhouse.

June 22. The class of 1923 presented "Grumpy" at the Balboa Clubhouse.

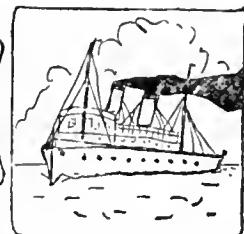
June 24. Baccalaureate sermon at the Cristobal Union Church. Chaplain Deibert, speaker.

June 27. Commencement exercises at the Washington Hotel.



# EXCHANGES

*Florence Albert, 21.*



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The "Exchange Department" has many functions. It keeps us in touch with what is going on in the States. It gives us a chance to see what others are doing along the line of their periodicals; and so shows us what we can do to make our annual better.

We have been fortunate indeed in the quality of our exchanges but we have been disappointed this year in not hearing from some of the high schools to whom we have sent our annual. We should like to hear from everybody that we can but especially from those high schools which put out year books. We always welcome new friends.

*The Gleaner.* Pawtucket High School, Pawtucket, R. I.

Your literary department is very good. The "Tatler" is amusing, original, and interesting. Why not have some cuts at the head of each department?

*The Spectator.* Johnston High School, Johnston, Pa.

You have an interesting book. Don't you think that if the advertisements were arranged at the back of the book, it would make it more attractive?

*The Record.* John Marshal High School, Richmond, Va.

There seems to be a good deal of school spirit in your school as reflected by the magazine. "The Library Corner" and "Who's Who" were commented upon as being original.

*The Student.* Holmes High School, Covington, Ky.

The "Exchange" department is the largest you have. We should suggest that you try to make your other departments as large. The story "The Luck of the Irish" was very diverting. We read it with much pleasure. We were surprised to find an article in one of your numbers written by a former student of Cristobal High, William Bridges.

*The Apokeepsian.* Poughkeepsie High School, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Your joke department is large, enlivening, and humorous. The literary section is also very interesting, though small.

*The Reflector.* Woburn High School, Woburn, Mass.

Why not have a Literary Department and place your advertisements more to the back of the book? Art headings would also improve your magazine.

*The Scribbler.* Frank Evans High School, Spartanburg, S. C.

You have a large literary section with splendid stories of which you may well be proud. However, your other departments could be improved a little.

*The Review.* Central High School, Washington, D. C.

We seldom have the privilege of reading such a fine book. The cuts are especially good and the frontispiece "Christmas Greetings" most attractive. This book is rendered all the more interesting to us because two of our former students, George and Marjorie Ball, are now attending this school.

*The Epitome.* High School for Boys, Reading, Pa.

We received both the annual and monthly from this school. The annual is a compact and neat book so carefully edited that there is no fault which stands out so much that it must be criticised. The monthly, however, leaves much to be desired. The advertisements are mixed in with the School Notes and several other departments. If this were remedied, it would be a good book.

*The Curtis Monthly.* Curtis High School, Staten Island, N. Y.

By a strange coincidence the exchange editors of THE CARIBBEAN for the years 1922 and 1923 have been ex-pupils of Curtis High School. So this magazine has had more interest for them than for former editors. We think that it is a well arranged, interesting book, but a few more jokes would add to it.

*The Quill.* Staten Island Academy, Staten Island, N. Y.

We like your book. Every department is well developed and equally balanced.

*The Junta.* Indiana High School, Indiana, Pa.

You have a splendid joke department but where, oh where, is the exchange section?

*The Cambridge Review.* Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

A very good issue. We have very few faults to find with the general make up of your book.

*The Academy Journal.* Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn., N. Y.

A very well edited book with an especially well written athletic department.

*The Monitor.* Wellesley High School, Wellesley, Mass.

We looked all over the book to find out where you came from and at last found it in one of the advertisements. Your book is good but a few more cuts would better it.

*The Herald.*      *Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.*

We should suggest a few more cuts. Why not have a larger Exchange Department? Aside from that we like your book and are always glad to hear from you.

*The Torch.*      *West Philadelphia High School for Girls,  
Philadelphia, Pa.*

We enjoyed very much the story "Ye Gods and Little Shades." It was very clever and original. Yours is a fine book and surpasses many that we have seen. Jokes taken from another book are usually indicated.

*The Squeedunk.*      *Monroe City High School, Monroe City, La.*

Through the courtesy of Miss Octave Schulze, we have a copy of your most excellent book. After reviewing it we do not wonder that it won a prize. We should like to have you on our list of exchanges.

*The Zonian.*      *Balboa High School, Balboa, C. Z.*

We have heard that you are not putting out a 1923 issue. That is too bad, because your book is very good.

*Revista La Salle.*      *Colegio de la Salle, Panama,  
République de Panama.*

Ustedes tienen artículos muy buenos e interesantes, pero ¿porqué no tienen más locales, tambien más fotografías? Sus adivinanzas son muy originales y hemos encontrado mucho placer en solverlas.

#### A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.

This part of the exchange department is rightly named because out of all the exchanges which have commented on THE CARIBBEAN, not one has criticised it adversely. We received a fine letter from the manager of the Grolier Society, complimenting our magazine. We appreciate this so much that we feel constrained to print parts from it. He says:

"First and foremost, I wish to congratulate you and your fellow students upon putting out one of the finest annuals that has ever been my pleasure to examine. You have something to be extremely proud of."

He also adds that he has for sixteen years been in close touch with school and educational work, and in that sixteen years he has yet to see a high school annual the equal of our 1922 issue.

We thank our friends for all the compliments they have given us and we hope that we shall continue to merit them.

#### THE CARIBBEAN.

You certainly have a great paper. It is particularly well set up. Your jokes are excellent.

*The Monitor.*

#### THE CARIBBEAN.

THE CARIBBEAN is one of the most complete papers we have seen. Your swimming records are to be envied.

*The Gleaner.*

#### THE CARIBBEAN.

Your annual is wonderful. The stories, of which you have a great number, were fine and the snapshots distributed among them made them all the more interesting.

*The Apokeepsian.*

#### THE CARIBBEAN.

A fine magazine. You are to be congratulated on your Alumni Department. The fact that so many alumni write back to the magazine is a compliment to their Alma Mater. The numerous pictures add a great deal to the general appearance of the paper,

*The Torch.*

#### THE CARIBBEAN.

You publish an exceptionally interesting and attractive paper with every department well cared for. We feel that we should like to visit Cristobal both because of your school and because of the place itself of which you gave us such a clear idea by pictures and descriptive writing.

*The Herald.*

#### THE CARIBBEAN.

Your paper is one of the most interesting on our list. It seems so strange to think of people so far away as having the same interests as we and yet as we examine your paper, we find that we might be reading of any American high school, except when we came to the picture of your school surrounded by palm trees.

*The Cambridge Review.*

#### THE CARIBBEAN.

A wonderful book-full of excellent cuts, more excellent news, and most excellent stories—a magazine of which any school might well be proud.

*The Scribbler.*

#### THE CARIBBEAN.

We were delighted to hear from our far away Panama friend THE CARIBBEAN with its splendid stories of life in Panama. "Added Tonnage for the American Merchant Marine" gave interesting glimpses of the individual members of the graduating class. The poetry, especially "Old Panama", is splendid. In fact, the magazine is one of the best that has come to us.

*The Spectator.*

#### THE CARIBBEAN.

Your magazine is one of the best we have received and we are glad to exchange with our "sister school." "Y's and Other Y's" is indeed unique. Your cuts are fine. You indeed have school spirit. What greater praise is there?

*The Zonian.*



Mattison Pullig, '23.

From the *Star and Herald*.—“Hundreds of children dressed in costumes and with decorated vehicles will form for the line of march behind the band of the U. S. S. *Maryland*.”

“Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ entertained at tea for a number of people including Generals \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_, who recently arrived on the isthmus in a pollera.

Extracts from examination papers of the grammar grades:

*Ques.*—How would you go about checking a cold?

*Ans.*—I'd go from house to house and count the cases.

*Ques.*—Why did the colonists settle along rivers?

*Ans.*—Because they had to have some place to throw their garbage.

*Ques.*—Name ten kinds of foods and tell where they come from.

*Ans.*—Meat—cows and pigs.

Butter—milk.

Tomatoes—seed.

Cabbage—cabbage plant.

Eggs—chickens.

Milk—cows.

*Ques.*—Why does a society need a chairman?

*Ans.*—To get the chairs together.

*Eddie* (With a hurt expression).—In our Manual Training exam., Mr. Bacon asked about pieces of wood that we never saw or heard of before.

*Miss Dodds*.—O, he expected you to get it out of your heads.

*William C.* (In General Science).—Gee! Mr. Bacon, we had a hard lesson today.

*Caldwell*.—Yea, it was about rocks.

#### GUESS WHERE.

H. E. May, '23.

“Now, boys, it is the time for work,”  
Says Mr. Bacon, hurriedly,  
“To do good work you must not shirk,  
But settle down interestingly.”

A silence for a while prevails;  
The teacher wonders what is wrong,  
But soon a sound somewhere curtains  
The absence of the usual song.

“Tis Cal Iwell Foos, who now does speak,  
“Fort Davis has the best team here;”  
And Willie almost has to shriek,  
“You watch who wins the flag this year.”

Bud Bliss bawls out from down the line,  
“How's that, Stewart?” Guy soon does whip  
His chair around, and in a whine  
Asks, “What?” A smile from Bud and “Zip.”

“Old Foos thinks he's a tennis champ,”  
Says King, in jealous tone, “I doubt  
If he can lick a postage stamp.”  
And right away goes up a shout.

“All right there, boys, you get to work,”  
Says Mr. Bacon, angrily,  
“And, if you don't come here to work,  
You'd better leave quite rapidly.”

#### ALAS AND ALACK!

Henry Moore, '23.

Monday morning and time for work to begin!  
Spanish composition! And map book not in!  
No time for dances and social activity,  
No time to develop athletic proclivity!

Ten problems in physics,—now isn't that a fright!  
Reciting all day and studying all night!!!  
Miss Dodds wants book reports, poems, and themes,—  
A high school education is not what it seems!!!

*Frances* (In sophomore class meeting, while planning for a party).—Guy, what are you?

*Guy*.—Me? I'm refreshment.

*Miss Beeching* (In solid geometry).—What are you trying to say, Chester?

*Chester*.—Nothing.

*Miss B.*—Well you're making a lot of racket about it.

*Emogene* (In senior English).—What are cinnamons? (And we're supposed to know that she means synonyms.)

### AS YOU LIKE IT.

"Two men look out through the selfsame bars,  
One sees the mud, the other the stars."

Fair	Fussy
Approachable	Arrogant
Cheerful	Contradictory
Unbiased	Ugly
Lenient	Lazy
Tireless	Temperamental
Youth trainers.	Yammerers.
Seven	Seven
Eminent	Egotistical
Near-perfect	Nervy
Indispensable	Ignorant
Original	Obstinate
Real	Rioting
Seniors.	Seniors.
Jolly	Jealous
Unique	Uninteresting
Nonchalant	Noisy
Important	Impudent
Open-minded	Obnoxious
Rollicking	Rambunctious
Somebodies.	Simps.
Sagacious	Shallow
Orderly	Ossified
Perfect	Priggish
Helpful	Hopeless
Optimistic	Opinionated
Model	Maudlin
Oracular	Obtuse
Rare	Rabid
Exceptional	Exasperating
Sharks.	Sharpers.
Fascinating	Frivolous
Refined	Ridiculous
Entertaining	Empty-headed
Subtle	Superfluous
Hearty	Harping
Mighty	Monotonous
Energetic	Eccentric
Nobility.	Nonentities.

*Louise* (Who hasn't been to the U. S. for some time).—Well, what'll I do if I get seasick?

*Charlotte* (Who knows from experience).—O don't worry, you'll do it.

*Miss Currier*. (In music period).—Gerald, put your finger where you're singing.

And Gerald promptly puts his finger in his mouth.

*Miss Beeching*.—I'm eating ice to make me thin.

*Mattie*.—O, I didn't know ice made you thin.

*Miss B.*—Well it makes me shrink.

### FANTASY.

*Gerald Bliss, Jr., '23.*

A bull was in the barnyard,  
He saw me with delight,  
But I grabbed hold of his south end,  
And threw him with all my might.

Next, I met the crocodile  
A-swimming in the pool,  
I knew that if I jumped in,  
'Twould help to keep me cool.

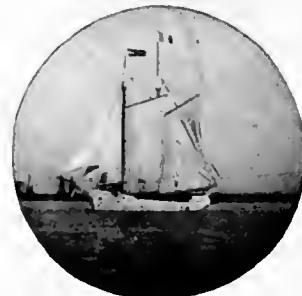
While floating in there lazily,  
I saw a whale or two,  
But I cared nothing for them—  
I killed them both off too.

The wood upon the other side,  
They say, was full of bear;  
But, as I had no thought of fear,  
I didn't begin to care.

And though I met a dozen or so,  
They seemed to be quite tame;  
The reason was, I later found,  
They, all of them, were lame.

Just then I felt a pair of arms  
Begin to encircle me.  
I didn't know from whence they came,  
Nor did I want to see.

First, I thought it took a bite,  
Then I thought it spoke.  
Alas! 'Twas mother rousing me,  
Saying it was time I awoke.





Ci I Storage Plant at Mount Hope, C. Z.



Modern concrete piers at Cristobal, C. Z.

## ADVERTISING.

*Ernst Euphrat, '23.*

Advertising is of several classes. There is, for instance, the circular, concerning whose advisability expert advertisers are doubtful, suggesting that it be sent only to people who are particularly interested in the product or article whose virtues it sets forth.

Again we find poster and sign advertising which is very generally regarded as a public nuisance. Many object to the large glaring signboards as they would to any man who would step up behind them and bawl into their ears a recommendation of some wonderful panacea.

But there is some really constructive and beneficial advertising. In this class we may include the high standard work which appears in our periodicals.

The business of periodical advertising is of very recent origin if it be regarded with other forms of commercial activity. It has grown and improved with the periodicals until, at the present time, estimates of the amount spent annually on advertising in the United States are as high as \$500,000,000. The daily, weekly, and monthly publications of to-day look to advertisements so largely

as a source of their income that the purchaser of the periodical receives much greater value for his money than he could expect if there were no advertising matter.

Within the last twenty years the preparation of advertisements for the press has become so important that talented writers and artists, especially the latter, are paid generously by the advertising companies. Material of real educational value is referred to, and even discussed, famous works of sculpturing and painting are often reproduced—material which many of the readers of the periodicals might never hear of or see through any other source. A section of this type of advertising is certainly interesting and perhaps even more instructive than the articles of the magazine proper.

Like many other publications of merit, THE CARIBBEAN depends largely on the financial support of its advertisers. In soliciting advertisements for our annual, we have considered only those whose material would be constructive and reliable. We are proud to call the reader's attention to our advertising section. Patronize our advertisers!

## APPRECIATION.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed" runs the old proverb. THE CARIBBEAN staff has felt the need—and always it has found the friends—in *YOU*. Was it cookies for the carnival? Some one sent them in, with a cake in addition. Was it an old party dress for the Senior play? Some one lent us her very best new Parisian frock. Was it money from a play? Some one sold fifty or sixty tickets before we knew it. Was it some place to eat when we were getting ready for a play? Somebody invited us into the home and served us a lunch fit for royalty. Was it a lamp shade or a beautiful rug or an automobile ride? There was always some one to do more than we had expected. And so it has been, your kindnesses have been registered, where every day we've turned the page to read them". We can't mention you singly but we want you to know that our dear old Cristobal High School appreciates whatever efforts you have made in our behalf. We are proud of our school and our annual. They are not perfect but we are striving to make them better and are sincerely grateful to all who have sympathized and aided.

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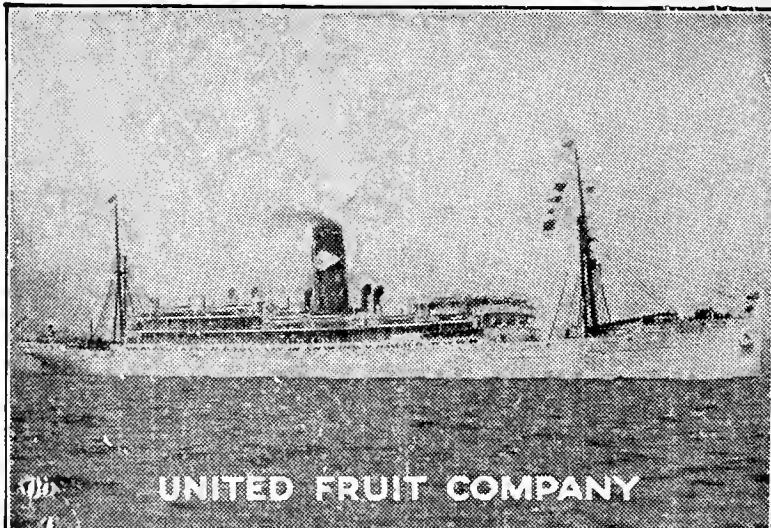
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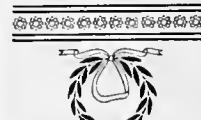
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